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## MR. GLADSTONE IN LANCASHIRE.

HAVING elected to stand for the South-Western division of the county of Lancashire, Mr. Gladstone has commenced his electioneering campaign with a vigour and spirit that augur well for his success. No doubt the contest will be a severe one, but we cannot suppose for a moment that the electors of Lancashire will reject their distinguished fellow-countyman. Many of those who differ from his opinions feel a generous pride in his abilities and eloquence, and we imagine that with the exception of some inveterate political bigots, there would be something like regret, even on the part of his opponents, if he were driven to seek a seat elsewhere. Of course we take it for granted that the Liberals of the division will spare no pains, and shrink from no exertions to secure his return. Loyalty to the leader of the party, personal attachment to and admiration of the man, and a sense of the injury that would be inflicted upon the Liberal cause if Mr. Gladstone were not returned for South Lancashire, must all combine to stimulate their energies to the highest point. With the large addition that has been made to the constituency by the Reform Act, victory cannot be difficult, nor will we for a moment contemplate the possibility of so untoward an event as a defeat. For the present, however, our concern is rather with the address which Mr. Gladstone has just delivered at St. Helen's than with his electioneering chances and prospects. That address is no doubt intended as a party manifesto, and as such we willingly accept it. It speaks in no faltering tones on the main questions of the day, and indicates with the utmost clearness the duty of Liberals with regard to them. The contrast between its well-defined and forcibly-expressed opinions and the grandiloquent vagueness of Mr. Disraeli's recent utterances, is too obvious to need more than a passing word of comment. The first point with which the right honourable gentleman deals is the Reform Act itself. While acknowledging its many and decided merits, Mr. Gladstone points out that the concessions that have been made have been attended with restrictions and exceptions so vexatious that the work—great as it is—cannot be regarded as finished. Before long, he thinks—and nearly all Liberals will agree with him—that it will be necessary to make an effort to give a more consistent application to its principles, and to remove the anomalies with which it is defaced. The subject of national expenditure is one on which Mr. Gladstone speaks with peculiar authority; and we may feel quite certain that he does not denounce the addition of three millions which the present Government have made to our annual charges without distinctly seeing his way to get rid of it. It is at any rate very satisfactory to find the attention of the Liberal party pointedly called by its leader to the expediency and necessity of economy. Retrenchment has too long been an almost forgotten article in our political creed; and although Mr. Gladstone has himself never been insensible to the danger and the folly of extravagant expenditure, he has hitherto received but little support from the party in his resistance to the ever-growing demands of the different departments. It would be rash to predict that the new Parliament will, in this respect, be better than its predecessor. It will certainly not be so, unless the constituencies subject their representatives to considerable pressure; and nothing, therefore, could be better timed than Mr. Gladstone's

advice that this subject should be distinctly urged upon the attention of every candidate.

Important as these questions are, the interest of Mr. Gladstone's address, nevertheless, centres in the policy which he propounds in respect to Ireland. Unlike Mr. Disraeli, he does not think that the state of that country furnishes matter for great congratulation. He cannot forget that the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended for two years, and that discontent and disaffection are rife in the country. He will not shrink from putting to himself, and from pressing upon others, the momentous question, whether the institutions of Ireland are such as ought to prevail—or such as we should feel morally justified in maintaining by the sword, though at the cost of civil, or despite the perils of foreign, war. To that question, as might be expected, he returns a decidedly negative answer. In regard to the land tenure he says little, but that little is of a character to increase the confidence with which we trust and believe that no inconsiderable portion of the Irish people are beginning to regard him. This is not the time for discussing the specific measures which it may be desirable to adopt; but we cannot doubt that our fellow-countrymen on the other side of St. George's Channel will receive with the liveliest satisfaction the declaration of the leader of the Liberal party that it must and will in future be a portion of the policy of that party to "enable the Irishman to pursue his career in the land of his birth, instead of looking for a home across the Atlantic." On the other hand, the landlords of Ireland and of England may be quieted by the assurance that Mr. Gladstone does not contemplate any interference with those sacred rights of property in which they are so deeply interested. That the difficult problem of reconciling the claims of the landlords with the welfare of the people must be solved before Ireland can be rendered contented and happy, is clear enough; but, although this is in reality the most vital question in connection with that country, circumstances and the chances of political conflict have, as Mr. Gladstone says, given the first place to another. As matters now stand, we must, whether we like it or not, dispose of the Church question before we can approach that of the land; and, although we quite admit that it might be difficult to justify this order of treatment on abstract grounds, it may turn out in the end that the disestablishment of the Church and the sale of its estates will greatly facilitate the attainment of what ought to be our great object—the placing a considerable portion of the land of Ireland in the hands, as owners, of the people of Ireland. With regard to the Church, there is, of course, little room for novelty in Mr. Gladstone's observations. If he did not exhaust the subject in his speeches during the last session, he did at any rate place us so fully in possession of his own views, that his address at St. Helen's is necessarily little more than a repetition of what we have heard before. Its chief merit is the uncompromising and decided manner in which it deals with the subject, but at the same time there are one or two points on which Mr. Gladstone's words, if not entirely new, have a certain freshness, and appropriateness to the present time, that entitle them to special attention. In his happiest and most trenchant style he dealt with the notion of reforming the Irish Church in order to save it. "How can you," he asked, "reform such an institution without reforming it off the face of the earth? Like an old house in a rickety condition, it may stand



if it is not touched, but if once you begin to repair it, down it comes about your ears. If you attempt to remove the anomaly of devoting endowments and clergymen to the spiritual instruction of parishes in which the Church has no members, you can only do this by creating another anomaly even more startling. According to every theory on the subject, ecclesiastical endowments were given for the benefit of the districts to which they are attached. And although at first sight the idea of redistributing these endowments in such a manner as to make them available for a larger number of Protestants may seem plausible enough, a moment's consideration shows that it is fraught with the gravest injustice to the localities which it is proposed to deprive of these endowments for the benefit of more favoured, or more orthodox, districts. The plan of palliating the evils of the Irish Church by redistributing its revenues has been tried once, and no doubt with a certain amount of success. We are inclined to think that if it had been resorted to a few years ago it might have again staved off the inevitable day. But it is too late now. It is, as Mr. Gladstone says, no use throwing any more bishops to the wolves. The wolves are not now to be appeased by anything short of a full meal. The Irish State Church has lived its life, and its time is come. That things cannot go on as they are at present the Government have acknowledged in the amplest manner by the promulgation of a policy of "levelling up." And if they have since endeavoured to explain that away by saying that they only meant it to apply to gaols and workhouses, we know how to estimate this clumsy pretence. Although it may now suit her Majesty's Ministers to raise the cry of "No Popery," they did not take this course until they had lost the power to act or talk as statesmen, and had become the mouthpieces of the intolerant prejudices of their party. Whatever they may say to-day, their confession that the ecclesiastical arrangements of Ireland must be radically modified remains on record. Once admit that modification must take place, and its nature cannot admit of much doubt. Every day's experience only tends to supply additional proof that the complete withdrawal of State aid from all sects or churches in Ireland is the only policy which will satisfy the people of that country; and it is certainly the only one which is at once acceptable to them and to the people of England and Scotland.

Let us carry out that policy with the tenderness towards vested interests, and with that generosity and consideration for all parties concerned, which Mr. Gladstone so emphatically recommends. But let us not be turned aside by any fear that the disestablishment of an alien Church in Ireland will endanger the safety of a Church which is not alien in England; or by any dread that Protestantism may be weakened by disconnecting it from an injustice which makes it hateful to Roman Catholics. We cannot maintain the present system; we will not adopt the policy of "levelling up." What other course is open to us except that which Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party recommend? That is the question which the country has now to decide. With it, as Mr. Gladstone well remarked, now rests the responsibility. The burthen can no longer be thrown upon Parliament or Government. For the future the honour or the disgrace of wisely and justly, or of unwisely and unjustly, governing Ireland, will devolve on the people of England. We cannot believe that they will prove themselves unworthy of the power they now possess; or that they will fail to answer the eloquent appeal with which Mr. Gladstone concluded his address by "an earnest determination to do justice to Ireland, and to open a future of happiness, prosperity, and comfort which shall stand in joyful contrast with the past of that unhappy land."

#### THIEVES, ROUGHS, AND IDLERS.

IT is about as irritating a casualty as a man can well be subjected to, to have his watch snatched from him in the middle of the day within a few yards of a police-station, and in the presence of spectators. He asks, "Is this London in the second half of the nineteenth century?" When he is warned that the best precaution against being robbed of his watch is not to display his chain, he demands to be told whether or not he is an Englishman. Both questions are pertinent, but they are also vain. There is no doubt he is an Englishman, and there is no doubt that the century is within little more than a year of its seventh decade. Yet, what has that to do with it? There are more thieves in London now than there were before the century dawned. If there are also men bold and daring, better organized as a body, and generally more *au fait* at their work than former generations of criminals,

they only follow that law of progress of which all of us are endeavouring to take advantage. Theft is an art. It is in some respects one of the fine arts. We constantly read, when some great burglary has been committed, that if the inspiring spirit of the gang had devoted his talents to some useful calling, he would have become a conspicuous man. No doubt a deal of talent of a superior order is wasted. "Jim the Penman" began life as a barrister; but it is easier to achieve a great result by a momentary effort, by a flash of genius, as it were, than to endure the prolonged labour of honest industry of any kind. Therefore we must expect to find a sufficient number of master minds who will give to the art of theft the benefit of any inspiration with which they may be visited. There is at this moment a gang of robbers at work on the south side of the Thames, known as the "Kent-street Forty Thieves." They are the terror of the neighbourhood. Any one whom they mark for a victim is doomed, and so cleverly have they planned and carried out their exploits, that only one or two of the gang have been apprehended, while in no case that we have heard of has the stolen property been recovered. So much for organization; now for numbers. In 1867 upwards of 63,000 persons, male and female, were apprehended by the Metropolitan Police. Of these, 36,000 were convicted. When it is remembered that the police force is only about one-fourth of this number, we can easily understand that many persons who ought to have been apprehended and convicted, escaped. In fact, if the case of the Kent-street Forty Thieves may be regarded as a test, the number of thieves taken into custody bears but a small proportion to those who escape. Then, over and above the criminal classes, there is a not inconsiderable class composed of persons who are verging upon criminality, wavering between its seductions and the perennial toil of industry, sweetened by the approving voice of conscience. And, finally, there are the poor—not the deserving poor, who are known in their parish, and who trouble its charity as little and as seldom as they can help, but the idle poor, the tramps, the good-for-nothings, who beg and steal as opportunity offers. With such an infusion of criminality and semi-criminality amongst us, what folly it is to make a wonder of ten or twenty men being robbed of their watches *per diem*! The real wonder is, that our criminal classes leave us any watches at all. They are behind the age. If they chose to throw themselves on any quarter of London on a given day and hour, it would, for a time, be as absolutely at their mercy as a city captured by an enemy.

Who will deliver us from this evil? or, does it exist in the nature of things as a necessary and unavoidable condition of social existence. The Social Science Association thinks not. It has appointed a committee to "consider what steps should be taken in reference to the casual, destitute, truant poor and criminal classes in the metropolis and other places, and the several associations and plans in existence, or proposed, for providing temporary and permanent occupation and employment for such poor." Before the association took this step, it had listened to a paper by the Rev. Henry Solly, entitled "A Few Thoughts on How to Deal with the Unemployed Poor of London, and with its 'Roughs' and Criminal Classes." We have read Mr. Solly's paper attentively, and, to say the least, we believe his plan to be deserving of consideration. When we are told that it involves the following agencies:—employment, amusement, education, supervision, and social organization—we have a momentary misgiving that Mr. Solly may be one of those visionaries who aim at the creation of a society upon optimistic and impossible principles. But that is not so. As to the creation of employment by means beyond the ordinary course of things, we have two precedents. One is the famine in Ireland. In that case millions were expended upon public works which were purposely intended to be of no benefit to any body. The other case was the cotton famine consequent on the American Civil War. Our previous folly had taught us wisdom when that calamity came upon us. We at once employed a population suffering from enforced idleness upon works devised and carried out by the aid of public loans—main-sewering, house-draining, street-forming, paving, and water-works, &c. The result was so successful that in many cases the public loans were largely supplemented and added to. "What has answered so well," says Mr. Solly, "and been so productive of material good (to say nothing of the incalculable moral benefits resulting) as to induce the local authorities largely to supplement the public loans in Lancashire, might certainly, under equally able management, be made to answer satisfactorily elsewhere. . . . Even if there be no sufficient scope for such employment in the metropolitan districts, or in towns to which London able-bodied but unemployed labourers could be sent for a period, there is reason to believe



that a new field for out-of-door labour of large extent is being opened up in the Essex marshes, through the operations of the sewage company, and through the reclamation of waste land generally by the application of town sewage, with remarkably remunerating results. . . . Then there are large tracts of land in the sterile wilds of Dartmoor and many other places, which the gratifying success of the convict settlement on Dartmoor shows may be converted even by forced, much more by free, labour into prosperous garden farms." Mr. Solly reminds us that thousands of street arabs in New York have been saved from a life of crime in America by a benevolent agency for sending them to the farms of the West. What is being done in New York, and what we ourselves have done in Lancashire, we can surely do in London. We have not the territory at our command which the men of New York have, but if we have as much as will suit our purpose, what more shall we ask? We know that it has been found possible to create work which afterwards proved so profitable that the people in the neighbourhood taxed themselves to develop it still further. This proof was given in the midst of a population suddenly smitten with the loss of the raw material of their industry, and therefore under the greatest difficulties. And no doubt there are fields of industry open to us, if we would look for them, upon which we might employ thousands of those men in London "who do no work to-day." At all events, till we have exhausted that possibility, until we have shown that it is a dire necessity to leave the "unemployed" of London to shift for themselves, we have no right to complain of thieves. Let us bring the matter to this issue—Work, or go to gaol. Can we do that? If we can, we ought. So long as men can plead Want as the tyrant which drives them into crime punishment must be dangerously tempered with mercy. But if a man can have work if he will do it, and if he be still known to the police as "without visible means of support," it is not unreasonable for honest citizens to insist, that if he will not work he shall be sent to prison. And in the case of our being sure that any man could have work who was willing to undertake it, we should be justified—if, indeed, we are not justified already—in sentencing our criminals to an indefinite term of punishment. For then, at least, an unmistakable line of demarcation would be drawn between those who are guilty by choice and not through misfortune; between those who have fallen through bad training, bad example, and the temptations of poverty, and those in whose hearts viciousness is so deeply rooted that we must treat them rather as beasts of the field than as men. When we have gained this point, it will be time to consider Mr. Solly's other proposals; and meanwhile we may notice, as worthy of consideration, his suggestion to revive the system of frank-pledge. But till something more is done to curb our criminal classes, and to sift the radically vicious from those who would be honest if they had any encouragement to be so, we must treat the questions of violated Albert chains, and their misappropriated pendants, under the painful sense of a conviction that such outrages are the recoil of our own folly and inertness.

#### THE LAST BANKRUPTCY ACT.

MR. MOFFATT'S Bill to amend the law of bankruptcy, after meeting with much of that opposition which such a measure is sure to provoke, has at last secured a place among the statutes of the realm. The Bill had to encounter the opposition of the representatives of more than one chamber of commerce, and not the least of its difficulties was the cold reception which the haste attending its preparation, and the piecemeal nature of the changes it contemplated procured for it in the House of Lords. Legislation by instalments is perhaps open to many objections. It increases the already overgrown dimensions of the Statute Book, and in removing pressing grievances it leads the attention of the public away from the necessity for comprehensive and needed reforms. There are cases, however, in which a patient waiting for complete measures is in effect but giving just so long a lease to fraud and chicanery, and the confusion into which the whole commercial public were thrown by the Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was one of these. Our modern legislation presents very few gratifying features, but one would have expected that in a great commercial country like England the tribunal which regulates the conduct of traders would at least have been the subject of careful legislation. Instead of that, the bankruptcy laws of this country are perhaps inferior to those of any other community, and they afford the most deplorable instances to be found in the whole Statute Book of the incompetency and carelessness which seems to direct our modern legislation. The state of things which

flourished under the Act of 1849 was bad enough, but that brought into existence by Lord Westbury's Consolidation Act of 1861 was infinitely more intolerable. The motives of those who suggested the framework of that Act to Lord Westbury were good, but the means by which it was sought to give effect to them were ludicrously inadequate. The promoters of the measure desired that debtors and creditors should attain all the advantages which they could derive from the Court of Bankruptcy by means of mutual arrangements between themselves, and its framers attempted to carry out this scheme by means of the well-known 192nd section. This section, in effect, provided that any debtor who obtained the assent of a majority in number and three-fourths in value of his creditors to a deed of arrangement, might set at defiance such of his creditors as refused to accept the terms which he offered to them. The other conditions, compliance with which was essential to the validity of the deed as against non-assenting creditors, afforded little or no protection to those creditors. At first sight it may seem most desirable that the majority should bind the minority in a case of bad debts, as in anything else where a number of persons have a common interest; and if proper precautions had been taken to limit the effect of these deeds to that object, nothing would have been more desirable. It soon became apparent, however, that this famous 192nd section was one of the most serious instruments of fraud that a confiding Legislature had ever placed at the disposal of the dishonest classes. In the first place the clumsy phraseology of the Act gave rise to more litigation than any other statute of modern times. A pitfall was to be found in almost every line; the courts were constantly occupied, the decisions were conflicting—one court maintaining one view, and the others entirely opposite views, until the decided cases formed a sort of chaos, out of which it was almost impossible to extract either law or reason. To the rogue the deed of arrangement gave a receipt in full, and offered an easy mode of happy release from all his troubles. He had simply to manufacture creditors out of such of his relations or friends as were willing to oblige him, and the signatures placed opposite debts which only existed in the imagination complied with the provisions of the Bankruptcy Act, and left *bonâ-fide* creditors practically without remedy. So extensively were these deeds made use of by dishonest persons that Mr. Kerr, the judge of the sheriffs' court, London, has lately expressed it as his confident opinion that they are all fraudulent; and he refused to recognise any deed in which the debtor was not prepared to put the subscribing creditors into the witness-box to prove their signatures and debts. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Kerr somewhat exceeds his authority when he refuses to give to an instrument the effect with which the Legislature has clothed it; but the circumstance at least shows the dimensions to which the abuse has reached when so experienced and able a judge should have been driven into a disregard of the plain provisions of an Act of Parliament in order that he might administer substantial justice. If the Act just passed, and which comes into operation in October next, does not effectually root out this crop of abuses, it is at all events calculated to put an end to the manufacture of assenting creditors. In addition to the provisions of the Act of 1861, the present statute requires that the debtor shall, at the time of registering the deed, file an account of all his debts and liabilities, showing when they were contracted, the considerations given for them, and the names, residences, and occupations of the creditors, the amounts due to each, and the value of the securities held by any creditor. Accompanying this must also be a statement showing what the property and credits of the debtor are, and their estimated value. The deed is to be advertised in the *London Gazette* and in one or more of the daily papers circulating in the neighbourhood in which the debtor resides; and the list of creditors and statement of assets are to be open to the inspection of any creditor who chooses to peruse them. The really important provision, however, is that in the third section, which provides that no creditor shall be reckoned among the assenting majority until he shall have proved his debt on oath; and when he holds security, the value of the security is first to be deducted before the debt is reckoned among those of the assenting creditors. Any false swearing is to be punished like other cases of perjury. The other provisions, such as that for the examination of the debtor create very little change in the existing law, and confer upon creditors few advantages which they do not possess at present.

The Act to some extent carries out the views expressed in the speech of the Lord Chancellor when he introduced his Bill, subsequently withdrawn, for the Amendment of the Bankruptcy Law, but one valuable portion of Lord Cairns' Act does not



appear in the present statute. Lord Cairns proposed that no deed of arrangement should have any effect until it had received judicial sanction, which would of course only have been accorded after strict proof of compliance with the conditions imposed by the Legislature. Still, however confined this Act may be in its scope, we are not without hope that it will continue to aid very materially in the suppression of at least the bolder forms of fraud, until the present jumble of bankruptcy law is, as it speedily must be, superseded by a comprehensive measure.

#### THE POST-OFFICE NIGGER.

WHEN my Lady Vere de Vere surveys herself in her mirror before stepping into her carriage for the ball, the aching eyes of the poor little milliner who has stitched through the live-long night to have her ladyship's dress ready in time, are, perhaps, not even the last thought in her head. She simply does not think of her at all. There is the beautiful form, there is the becoming attire. Of what else should my lady think. But the little milliner is a fact for all that—a weary and dreary fact for the poor little soul herself, but to the rest of the world, as well as to my lady—nothing. Fortunately there are not many classes so sadly off as that which the forlorn creature represents, but there are some. Let us place one of them before our readers, and in order to introduce him by contrast let us put Lady Vere de Vere into her box, and take out another puppet by no means so beautiful, perhaps palsy and fat. It is the British citizen, middle-aged, well-to-do; paterfamilias seated at breakfast in the midst of his family, a little pompous, very good-natured, with an almost unlimited sense of the comforts of his position beaming from his countenance. The letter-carrier has just left him his letters; two or three for himself, asking his vote for an M.P. or an orphan, or urging him to join some congenial souls at Greenwich over whitebait and its accidents; and there is an invitation for materfamilias, with Miss Polly and Miss Cissy; and a note, fearfully and wonderfully spelt, from Master Muggeridge to Master Johnny, asking him to join him at Lord's to witness the Eton and Harrow match. All these letters are satisfactory. The master of the house has never turned his back upon whitebait or any thing else that is good, and will not do so now. His spouse is not sorry to get rid of him for a whole day, even at the risk of receiving him home at night the worse for his merriment. The girls are delighted at the prospect of an evening with Mrs. Trippet and her charming daughters, Nelly and Blanche; and as for Master Johnny, if there is one thing on earth he loves, it is to get clear of father, mother, and sisters, and appear upon the scene of life as if he were a man on his own account—a man, and not a brother or a son. Thus the postman has poured unmitigated felicity into the family of the British citizen. His knock may bring other sensations to other doors—anxiety, trouble, sorrow, or, worst of all, applications for immediate payments which cannot be made. But except in such painful cases, and even in them where friendly aid is invoked with success, we all wonder at the amazing development of the postal service. You slip a few lines into a pillar after breakfast, and while you are at dinner you get an answer from the other end of the town. All day the letter-carriers are passing from door to door, with a punctuality and a certainty which are absolutely astounding. Every year the Postmaster-General, whoever he may be, launches a report whose unvarying burden is that so many more services have been added to those already being performed; so many more receiving-houses, post-pillars, savings banks, and money order offices established; and that, spite of these additions to the convenience of the British public, this year's profits show a glorious increase upon those of last year. This is the unvarying tenor of the yearly statement. In fact the General Post Office, as a sample of successful administration, is the brightest spot in the whole Civil Service. No other department can show the same efficiency or the same results. Not one of us whose labours come home daily, and almost hourly, to every house in the three kingdoms, as do those of the General Post Office. And yet, in the midst of all this prosperity, this amazing usefulness to our thirty millions of Britons—north, south, and west—there rises the *amari aliquid*. Even in the happy region of St. Martin's-le-Grand, with its perennial increase, and unlimited expansion of usefulness, there is a skeleton in the closet. And the closet is not far to seek. It forms, in fact, the very heart of the system, and lies in that chief branch of the postal department which receives our inland and foreign letters, and without the delay of an instant, arranges them for distribution. Be so good as to open the door and you will see in this most useful and all-essential branch of the Postal department, the privileged

spot upon which American slavery has taken refuge upon British soil, and where many of its most hateful attributes—banished from America!—have been allowed to wind their iniquitous toils around the British Nigger.

We do not write this unadvisedly. From the time when Rowland Hill taught the Post Office and the country what might be done for the benefit of the people by a great postal reform, there has been a most laudable desire on the part of all who were in command at St. Martin's-le-Grand, to carry his great project to a successful issue. They have achieved their aim; we are grateful to them for that. They have conceived and planned, and in the case of the Post-office Savings Banks, have carried out developments of the postal service, whose utility to the people of these countries is of unspeakable importance. All honour to them for that. We admit cordially and with gratitude the immense benefit they have thus conferred upon the country. It is only when we come to consider the pecuniary profit of all this to the nation, that we feel a twinge of conscience so sharp that we hesitate to acknowledge the unmitigated blessing of what we have received. And we feel this twinge because we know that Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was not an exaggeration of the human suffering it depicted, and because we are convinced, from the evidence which has come before us, that if Hood were alive, he might compose almost as harrowing a song upon the Post-office clerks of the circulation department. Here be your niggers, oh Britain! Imagine the heartless tyranny, the inhuman injustice, which is inflicted on these men. They are due at what somebody's pretty song calls "Five o'clock in the morning." But their duty is not to do reapers' work under the cooling breeze of the morning, nor to pour the "old, old story" into the ears of Betty the milkmaid. Poor devils! many of them may have wished again and again that they could exchange the pen of the Government clerk for the reaper's hook; or go out to break stones upon the road; or even to go into the workhouse and pick oakum, but for the shame of the thing. They are "due," as we have said, "at five a.m., and they must remain at work till nine a.m. They are then due from five p.m. to eight p.m. An attendance stretching from five in the morning till eight in the evening, involves practically a duty of fifteen hours. Perhaps our readers suppose that a demand stretching over so many hours is well compensated. No. It is very badly compensated. But even that is not the worst. For though the clerks of this branch are nominally free from nine a.m. till five p.m., they are no more free than the black niggers were when black niggers existed. Let us not insult the darkies of America by comparing them to the British bachelor, or the more wretched British husband and father, who has the misfortune to hold a Government appointment in the most useful and prosperous department of the public service. Liberated niggers may, here and there, find themselves badly off in the re-United States. But we might search those States in vain before we should be able to find such an utterly abandoned and God-and-man-forsaken nigger as the free-born Briton who has accepted an appointment in the Circulation Office of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

It is simply untrue to say that these clerks have any interval of leisure in the hours during which they are formally, and falsely, supposed to be off duty. There is not a moment in that interval at which they may not be called upon to attend to some foreign mail. Practically they are on duty from five in the morning till eight in the evening. "Well," says some Briton, indignantly impatient for the honour of his country, "if so exceeding a demand is made upon their services, no doubt they are well paid for it." Not at all. They don't receive a single stiver for their extra labour. And—mark this—if one of these men breaks down under the severity of an infamously unjust task, and is obliged to go to his bed or call in his doctor, the Postmaster-General—the puppet whose strings are pulled by interested underlings—compels him to pay at the rate of 18s. a week for a substitute. Can a more unjust or a more inhuman system be imagined? In no other department of the public service is there such a regulation. Everywhere else even red tape scouts it. We presume, therefore, that the tape used at St. Martin's-le-Grand must be black tape. But why should tape of so dismal a hue be in vogue only in the most successful and profitable of all the departments of the public service? Why should it be in the power of the men who do the work of St. Martin's-le-Grand to point to that atrocious case of tyranny in which three out of five selected victims were sent to the stake to discourage the unfortunate men who dared, in the belief that they possessed the rights of Englishmen, to hold a meeting to petition the Postmaster-General to mitigate the intolerable severities of their position? We know not to whose door that infamous injustice



is to be laid. But, whoever are the guilty parties, we warn them that they shall not escape. Upon the fullest investigation of the circumstances which we have been able to make, we do not hesitate for an instant to say that a more scandalous act of tyranny was never perpetrated. We entirely acquit the Duke of Montrose from this accusation. Poor gentleman, he must have found that the best way to get out of a difficulty was to do as he was advised by his underlings. But the refuge from personal responsibility which was sufficient for his grace will not satisfy the public. They believe that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and they begin to suspect, with good reason, that there is no department in the public service in which the hire is so well earned and the labourer so abominably ill-paid. We need not dwell upon the subject more lengthily at present. A new Parliament will bring together men who will set this infamous injustice right.

#### THE PREMIER'S "TRAGEDY."

THERE is much vanity and vexation in contending against the disposition to dwell with interest on the early doings of men who have in later life become great. Those early doings frequently afford as little index to the character which afterwards becomes famous as the diligence or idleness of their schoolboy days. But they are interesting because they establish the personal and historical identity of those on whom the public eye is fixed. The Emperor Napoleon's power is not in the least affected when Victor Hugo expatiates on the bits of raw meat in a hat which were provided for the eagle of France when Prince Louis Napoleon made one of his absurd attempts on the French monarchy; no one now thinks the less of Lord Palmerston because of the despatch which some Psyche stole when he was known at Almack's as Cupid; and Mr. Disraeli's position in this country cannot be prejudiced by the absurdest production of "Count Alarcos" at Astley's. Even such a practical revival as this of the day of small things leaves the day of great things unclouded; and as for sarcasm, it was "a very young Titan," Mr. Disraeli himself tells us, who was convinced that the way to beat the Olympians was to turn them into ridicule. But one likes to know our great men—to borrow the clumsy drill eloquence of the bumpkin in the farce—as they were before they were as they are. And, as respects Mr. Disraeli, these excursions into the past are at once more interesting and more relevant because his public character was peculiarly foreshadowed in his earlier works, and because he has never yet grown beyond the shadow his imagination projected. In tact, in *aplomb*, in the art of silence and the art of speech, he has grown greatly within the last few years; but neither his intellectual style, his literary taste, nor his moral tone has developed into anything that his earliest works did not prefigure. Read Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State, and the qualities of religious fervour and fanciful argumentative enthusiasm alone remind you of the present chief of the Liberal party. Read any of Mr. Disraeli's early works, and the man, as we know him, is not only the writer, but practically the hero of the book. Even in tact and management, Vivian Grey, his circumstances being made for him by a kind author instead of by unkind and puzzling fates, is quite equal to his antitype now of Downing-street; and the attempt of this year to "create without destroying" religious peace in Ireland was not more or less wild, incompetent, and unfortunate than the "very hopeless labour" of contributing "to the revival of English tragedy" by writing "Count Alarcos." Perhaps no one ever wrote a blank-verse tragedy without an idea that it might, or ought to, revive the poetic stage; but the conceit with which Mr. Disraeli, in 1839, avowed that this had been his aim in "Alarcos" is only equalled by the conspicuous, the unclassical, the unpoetic, the indelicate badness of the play which he composed with this lofty intent. "When I commenced this drama," wrote the author in his dedication to Lord Francis Egerton, "there were certain indications which induced me to believe that the public taste was recurring to the representations of that stage which has afforded us so much of national delight, wisdom, and glory. These indications have already vanished, and one is almost tempted to admit the theory of those ingenious critics who maintain that the English drama has performed its office, and that in the present state of civilization it has no functions to fulfil." Only by wading through the twaddle and the fustian of "Alarcos" can one appreciate the grotesqueness of the author's delusion that it was too good and too great a poem for representation on our degenerate stage. And as a matter of literary justice this sentence needs to be

passed, because an able critic has kindly suggested that if acted by Mr. Macready's company the play would have enjoyed an estimation such as the average run of five-act plays attained. To refute this charitable assumption would be to pass the Macready repertoire in review; but we venture to think Mr. Macready would not have accepted "Alarcos," could not have made it a success, and even if he had, would only have proved once more that good acting and the prevalence of theatrical enthusiasm may carry off most execrable authorship. Besides, it is suppositiously established by the received history of Bulwer's plays that Macready, by insisting upon and suggesting good stage construction, made sure of avoiding flaws such as in Mr. Disraeli's unfortunate tragedy are fatal to dramatic interest and form.

It is not, however, in construction that "Count Alarcos" is most conspicuously wanting. The tragedy exhibits painfully two of its author's most lamentable defects. He is incapable of pathos, and he thrusts at all times before all companies his one idea of personal ambition. Mr. Disraeli was welcome to dramatize the old Alarcos ballad, or to leave it alone—especially to leave it alone; but nothing could excuse him for abstracting the pathos from the story, and no man of pure taste and literary sincerity could have brought himself to incorporate with it, or rather to substitute for its original motives, a vulgar, brassy plot, of which political cupidity is the ruling element. One might easily write a long essay on the ballad. Its stern brevity, its soft and touching details, the classic singlemindedness of its characters, the remorseless progress of the simple, horror-striking story, the crushing completeness of the doom-catastrophe, are all points for admiring observation. But it is much better to recommend Lockhart's exquisite translation, or that of Dr. Bowring, which is peculiarly faithful to the original in diction and metre. No one can read the ballad without experiencing feelings upon which Mr. Disraeli's play most unpleasantly jars. The story is so simple and so personal, so absolutely limited to the two domains of love, the domestic and the unlawful, that the dramatist's "more complicated motives" are mere impertinences. What though "Castille had recently obtained that supremacy in Spain which led in a subsequent age to the political integrity of the country?" What though that period was one of refinement and civilization compared with the one in which the story of the ballad is laid? What though the "factions of a powerful nobility renowned for their turbulence, strong passions, enormous crimes, profound superstitions," tempted a pen

"Skilled in heats  
Of fierce and emulous spirits,"

and fittest of all in our time to revel in the "rapture" of the "strife of factions"? What has all this in common with the simple story of the passionate Infanta, who sat lamenting the flower of her life, because her false lover, Alarcos, after shaming her, had married another—whose father, at her request, commanded Alarcos to slay his wife—and whose vengeful scheme was carried out by the stricken husband as sung with so many natural circumstances of anguish? Think of the Count's sad last meal with his boys around him—of the sleepless time in the bedchamber—of the unhappy wife's petition that she may go to her father's and bring up her children—of her pious *Ave*—of her piteous plea,

"And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,  
That he may drink this farewell drink before my breast be cold."

Recall the simple protestation of conjugal devotion made by Alarcos to his frivolous companions of the court,—

"Knights, it is a worthless service  
At a mistress' feet to be;  
Love is but an idle shadow,—  
Love without fidelity.  
I at least can claim the honour  
Of affection's constancy.  
Faithful when I loved the maiden,  
Faithful though my wife she be,  
And if then I loved her dearly,  
Now she is more dear to me.  
Knights, there is one faithful union—  
Honest love and memory."

This pure, fresh wine Mr. Disraeli has brandied with the fierce, hot spirit of restless, coarse, and earthly ambition. One could have forgiven his diction—compounded though it be of the "irrevocable pasts," "bitless barbs," "prompt frowns," "clouded brows," "choking air of palaces," "shrines," "acolytes" and "orisons," "gay and lusty pillows," "castled crags," "embattled cliffs," and all the other Della Cruscan stereotypes—but for this unnatural infusion of incongruous and sordid ingredients. Hardly has Mr. Disraeli's Alarcos



appeared when he bursts into a rhapsody over the city to which he has returned from exile—a rhapsody which kills for ever all hope of identifying him with the Alarcos of the ballad; and throughout the play he amplifies the same theme. There might indeed have been ingenuity in depicting the revival of aspirations which banishment had seemed to stifle; but this element is an obnoxious intruder in the simple tragedy of “Alarcos,” and, even regarded on its own merits, must be unwelcome unless treated with much more originality than Mr. Disraeli proved capable of in blank verse.

“She’s true,  
But I have clipt the heart that once could soar  
High as her own! Dream! dreams! And yet, entranced,  
Unto the fair phantasma that is fled  
My struggling fancy clings; for there are hours  
When memory with her signet stamps the brain  
With an undying mint; and these were such,  
When high ambition and enraptured love,  
Twin genii of my daring destiny,  
Bore on my sweeping life with their full wing,  
Like an angelic host.”

If ever there was common fustian, this is it; and in the whole five acts there are hardly five lines better worth quoting. One of the best touches is where Alarcos hears Solisa speak:—

“The spell-bound forms  
Of my first youth rise up from the abyss  
Of opening time. I listen to a voice  
That bursts the sepulchre of buried hope  
Like an immortal trumpet.”

Another quotable image is in a speech of the King:—

“Her thoughts  
Are like her fortunes lofty, but around  
The peaks cling vapours.”

The only approach to pathos is when the deserted Countess asks the Moor Oran for a love-spell:—

“Once I thought  
There was no spell like duty—that devotion  
Would bulwark love for ever. Now I’d distil  
Philtres, converse with moonlit hags,” &c.

These are really the only lines we have discovered in this tragedy which are not outrageously conventional and empty of thought. Not only did the author of “Count Alarcos” seek to revive British tragedy by vulgarizing a classic myth, but in attempting blank verse he found his pen stricken with the dreariest barrenness. The conversations of the two principal characters, Solisa and the Count, ought to carry along the story, and to carry with it the sympathy of the reader; but neither speaker strikes a spark from the other. Each utters poor, would-be epigrams, which advance neither the argument nor the passion of the scene. Each suddenly comes to contradictory resolves, which the conversation has not, except in the most indirect manner, contributed to form. And thus the strong domestic interest which attaches to the situation of the Countess, all anxious to retain the love she perceives to be drifting from her, weakly as it is represented by the dramatist, proves all too strong for the artificial and adventitious element on which he has intended to concentrate the interest. To a competent playwright the contrast between Solisa’s passion and Florimonde’s love must have presented a rare opportunity. Mr. Disraeli proved himself unable to dramatize it, or even to set it forth in verse worth a single reading. And he aggravated his inefficiency by sins of commission. He must needs complicate and coarsen the relationship between the Infanta and Alarcos by grossly setting forth that her own mother had made lewd proposals to him. Solisa herself, in terms of little delicacy, expatiates on the contrast between conjugal love and the pollution of a concealed amour. And Alarcos completes the paltriness of character which makes his ambition seem so low by tempting his own wife to encourage the addresses of other men. All these mistakes—gratuitously conceived and grossly committed—suggest that it was by no mere accident, but in confirmed depravity of poetic taste, that Mr. Disraeli distempered the story he aspired to endue with dramatic life. The melodramatic element, including a combat between the hero and four bravos, and the frequent prominence of a Moor of phenomenal fidelity, is much too strong for tragedy; the comic beggar scene is ridiculously tricked together by making all the characters talk proverbs; and the comedian—the Gratiano—of the piece, one Leon, talks very languid paradoxes: as, for instance,—

“You know right well that woman is but one  
Though she take many forms, and can confound  
The young with subtle aspects.”

But there is little need to descend to these minutiae. The tragedy stands condemned to the limbo from which a rash

ticket-of-leave has brought it, by general inferiority and confusion of idea—by wrong foundation-lines and a ridiculous superstructure. There are, indeed, several good dramatic situations. The meeting of Florimonde and Solisa when the former has fainted, the recognition by Alarcos in Solisa’s chamber, and the attempt upon Florimonde’s life constitute a natural and effective succession of incidents. There is some subtlety in the attempt of Alarcos to procure an ecclesiastical release for his crime while yet it is only in contemplation. The Infanta despatches Alarcos to kill his wife before midnight in a very dramatic vein; and the wild speech of the Countess when she finds the Moor self-murdered is a really well-arranged burst of stage frenzy. But these points are lost in mazy construction and windy talk, and the non-appearance of Solisa in the last act is a radical defect. Where so many have failed, Mr. Disraeli may be excused for not succeeding; but “Count Alarcos” is as fair a subject of criticism as “Vivian Grey,” and its weakness is the more instructive because full of character. Mr. Disraeli has often been weak and futile, but his work has never been unpregnant in illustration of his mind, and his mind has always illuminated his career.

#### THE MOORS.

WITH a session closed, and the general London exodus accelerated by the unwonted heat and drought of the summer, the run upon the moors will be heavier than usual. It is to be hoped that they will be capable of standing the pressure without suspending payment, as they did in so many cases last year—too often, in fact, returning “no assets” even at the outset. The disease has done its worst, and pretty well run its course for the present. No complaints of any sort are heard from the English shootings. At Buxton the birds are above the average, but of course unusually wild from a forward season. In Durham, Yorkshire, and towards Alnwick way, reports are equally cheering. Crossing the border, the Grampian ranges are well stocked; and in the far north-east and western coasts there are plenty of birds. Perthshire is in bad odour, and Ross also; but even this condemnation must be received *cum grano*, for hardly any districts are so depopulated as last year. A dry season is conducive to a good supply of grouse, but in the present year we have had a little too much of a good thing. Springs have been parched up and heather burnt to hard stalks, instead of juicy sprouts; but Scotland has not suffered so much as the English counties, and during the early summer, while English agriculturists were even then beginning to grumble for rain, stormy winds and rains were rife in the far north.

The theory of grouse disease has been worn threadbare, and yet to many is as far from definite solution as ever—heather burning, sheep ointments, oxydized lead from scattered shot, and electricity, have been variously adduced as the origin of evil, because they seem, if feasible, to assign some definite starting-point for the epidemic; whereas the general theory of “over-stocking” does not so easily point out the limit of stock to be borne, or the date from which an epidemic originates. Yet after all the latter explanation must be taken as the true one; all others are as natural and about as defensible as the superstitious creeds that traced epidemics of the middle ages to poisoning of the wells by Jews, to witchcraft, to the electric influences of animals, and such-like, instead of point blank to the normal uncleanness of the human subject. An epidemic may lie in slumber for many seasons, but when once some fortuitous circumstance has kindled a flame in one individual instance, the conflagration speedily spreads to other cases in which the dormant poison would, but for the aid of contagion, have lingered without injury. True, the symptoms of grouse disease and appearances from a post-mortem by no means coincide with those of any disease that is epidemic among humanity; but that is no real criterion. All epidemics are but a poisoned form of some more general and less vicious complaint. The cattle plague, which so lately depopulated our pastures, was but a poisoned stage of ordinary cowpox and influenza combined—closely described by Virgil, though it had been extinct beyond the records of English history.

The “plagues” of the middle ages, when they had once run their course, never reappeared in the same shape to a future generation; each visitation was some different general disease in a virulent and epidemic form. “Black death” and “sweating sickness” were nothing nearer than first cousins; the plague of London was poisoned typhus, and when resuscitated at Eyham, seventy years later, by the accidental disinterment of a plague-pit, the symptoms of the new victims



were utterly distinct from those recorded of the genuine plague. Dysentery and diarrhoea had been known in Europe, but their poisoned *confrères* Asiatic cholera burst like a thunderclap in the reign of William IV. And all epidemics have the more violent influence with individual cases, according to the extent of the contagion. Small-pox rages less violently in single cases now that it has been stamped out as an epidemic. Foulness of air and food and body is the nursery of human epidemics. With the grouse, want of variety in the strain of blood, breeding in, and overcrowding work the same results. Springing from a different source in many points from those which foster plagues with man, it is not strange that its seat should be in a different organ—not a poisoning of the blood or bowels, as with humanity, but a corrosion of the liver. The remedy lies with landowners; the old stock must be killed down. Too much stress is laid upon the destruction of vermin. Ground vermin may make havoc of all sorts, but hawks and glesds prefer the conquest of weak and sickly birds. On moors where winged vermin are plentiful the grouse do not suffer two percent., unless the existence of birds of prey is merely collateral with indolence and fraud on the part of the keepers.

Sportsmen will unfortunately shoot for the jealousy of the "bag," and devote special attention to "cheepers." At the beginning of the season the note of alarm is always sounded by the old cock, who bolts for his life and leaves his family to follow as best they can; he is thus easily singled out by those who seek him, though the start he has secured makes him a somewhat more difficult shot. Within limits, the more game a man kills, the more he has to kill; and if, at the end of a season there are still an undue predominance of old birds, the keeper should be made to kill them down, and—as he can seldom be trusted—to send their carcasses, tough or not, as proof of his diligence, to his master in the south. It is a drawback that the season closes so early that the snows, in which the old ones are best stalked, hardly have settled down before the reprieve is enacted. Yet in England country squires do not generally stand upon ceremony of the law when a little netting is required in March to secure and wring the necks of half a dozen young cock partridges, unable to find mates for themselves and still banded in covey, and who, if left to their bandit life, will ruin the loves of a score of social pairs, and so frustrate as many coveys.

A word or two as to packing grouse; for though it is only a chosen few that can ramble on Wednesday next over the purple moors, there are many south-country and London cousins who welcome the deal box and its contents from the north. A tattered bird should never be packed in the game-bag with those nicely killed. He will taint the rest in an hour or two. All should be carefully hung on the split sticks till they begin to stiffen. Those birds which fall from a height upon rock or hard ground, are invariably bruised too much to keep well. In packing, the birds should not be overcrowded, and vent-holes should be bored in the box, with a bit of coarse muslin gummed inside over the ventilators. Hops, cotton wool, heather, fir-cones, &c., are all used to pack the birds, and pepper usually applied to all shot wounds, under the wings, and other places. After all there is nothing like charcoal under the open wings, in the beak, &c., and if it is too expensive a commodity to pack the birds entirely in, the interstices had best be filled with fir chips or cones, more easy to obtain than perhaps anything else, except heather, which engenders moisture and evaporation, and is bad, though too often used. With moderate care in the items above alluded to, there should be but few failures and disappointments even should the thermometer register 85° in the shade.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

AS in a theatre, the curtain falls, the last note of the music dies away, the lights are extinguished, and there is a general rush to leave the place from which but a moment since we derived so much delight; actors and audience alike hurry off, apparently only too anxious to regain the realities of life. Not a glance is thrown behind, hardly a thought bestowed—except, indeed, the piece were exceptionally good—on what, for a brief period, was to us the cause of so much pleasure. No; it is passed, that is enough; in our hurried existence other circumstances arise to claim our attention. We have not the time to look back; all our thoughts must be bestowed on the accident of the moment. We lose our best friend, we bury him, and there is an end of him; and we revert to our ordinary occupations, careless and indifferent of everything but the present. The greatest man in the land, whose

name is in every one's mouth, whose deeds are bruited throughout the world, dies; the very next morning we read his life and character in the columns of the *Times*, that paper being quite prepared for the event; we see that the great man is buried with his fathers, and the gap he leaves in the world is rapidly filled up by some one inflated with the laudable desire to be equally eminent. All is cut and dried, business-like, and in due order. And, indeed, why should it be otherwise? Wherefore should we grieve for that which can never be regained? Rather should we devote ourselves to all which concerns our own interests alone, every man being of most importance to himself.

Thus, following in the ordinary course of events, has the season of 1868 come to an end. The last waltz has been danced, the last dinner given, the sweet warblers who charmed our ears have flown to other scenes of triumph and prosperity, the House is up, and London is left to desolation and darkness; allowing, indeed, for the odd two millions and a half whom the season concerneth not. The actors in these gay scenes, like their humbler fellow-actors in the theatres, wearied with the parts they have played, are now scattered to all the four winds of heaven. With what eagerness do they pull down their blinds, rush off anywhere, rather than remain in this "horrid London," and endeavour in more rational scenes to escape the dreary retrospect of the last four months! To look back on the life of feverish excitement and wild dissipation is indeed dismal enough. To those thousands who have only now emerged from the vortex of fashion, the continual round of dinners, operas, and balls, how unsatisfactory does it all appear! Their whole existence has been artificial, hollow, and, with many, simply a sham. Is there one spark of genuine pleasure about it? No; rather is it a penance they have to undergo, who, actuated by some selfish motive, enter fashionable life. Many have kept open houses, and presented appearances which their means did not warrant, in order that they might obtain greater social distinction; and now the time has come, when, in seclusion and a state of rigid economy, they have to suffer for trying to appear other than they really are. What have they gained by their utter sham? The respect or friendship of others? Not a bit of it; people have been willing enough to eat their dinners and get all they can out of them, but now the well is dry they drop them as coolly as they would dismiss a servant. What vexation and disappointment! To have gone through so much, and paid so dearly, without even achieving the object in view! Then those anxious British mothers who have come to town, taken good houses, and launched out into every kind of extravagance, that they might get their daughters off, and their daughters, through some incomprehensible blindness on the part of the men, have not been got off,—how painful to realize their afflicted state! They return with light pockets and heavy hearts to their provincial homes, and the uncomplimentary remarks of their neighbours, who perfectly understood the reason of their going up to town. The feelings of the young ladies themselves, too, must be anything but enviable; for their continued state of single blessedness is as much as to imply that, having been submitted to the test, they have been found wanting; before them now, therefore, is only the dismal prospect of another campaign, and the knowledge that each succeeding one, as adding to their years and detracting from their charms, lessens their chance of gaining a husband.

This solemn time of general summing-up and self-questioning as to what has been gained by the exertions of the last few months brings to such as these but little that is consoling. Have they bettered their social position, or added aught to their own importance? Happy they who can honestly meet that question satisfactorily, and feel that all their strategies have not indeed been in vain! The energetic pushing woman, for instance—and who has not met with her?—her retrospect may be one of unmitigated satisfaction; by dint of great industry, a sublime indifference to persistent snubbing, she may have attained her heart's desire, and worked herself into a recognised position in society. It is instructive to watch the career of such a woman, endowed, may be, with nothing calculated to produce a favourable impression on others; short in stature, ugly in face, and with a voice hoarse as the raven's; in spite of these disadvantages, she may, by the exercise of qualities perhaps more desirable, and certainly more useful, have got into a class of society far beyond her most sanguine expectations. Not the least of her accomplishments is the edifying way she knocks down the ladder by which she ascended, and ceases even to recognise those whom at one time she was only too glad to know. To such a woman the close of the season is but the close of her triumph; in leaving London, however, she merely flies to other gay scenes, where she will



profitably occupy her time until the recurrence of the more important campaign.

And those fair young English maidens, all sweetness and light, on whom not a thought other than the purest ever laid its corroding touch, whose demeanour and costume are alike emblems of innocence and modesty, with what feelings do they contemplate their departure from the place where they have done all in the power of woman to catch a husband, and yet found their blandishments and wiles completely thrown away? With what vexation must they recall the numberless melting looks and bewitching smiles they have wasted on some man, who, in bidding them farewell, banishes for ever from his mind the recollection of the siren who has so fruitlessly laid her snares! While appearing to respond to her attentions, he has doubtless been as discreetly indifferent to her as is consistent with a due regard to his own dignity. For what can be more manly, or be a greater proof of generous behaviour, than to preserve towards a young lady an attitude of intense admiration, while all the time he cares about as much for her as for a favourite terrier? It is but a peculiar form of chivalry, and shows knowledge of the world.

More important, however, and more affecting than any of these, is the parting that takes place in the halls of St. Stephen's. The last speech has been heard in that house whence so many go never to return. What a tinge of melancholy must have pervaded the proceedings of the last debate! The knowledge that, after this session of trials and labour, of debates prolonged into the small hours of the morning, of the sacrifice of opinions and self-respect on the altar of duty to party, no shooting on the moors or yachting in the Mediterranean is in store, but rather a period of greater excitement, and infinitely more disagreeable work to be done, is enough to depress the heart of the most serene. How many a man with the vision of a contested election before his eyes, and whose return was a matter of grave uncertainty, must, as he left that House and recalled his political career, have much doubted whether, after all, it was worth the money and the anxiety expended on its acquisition! He entered, it may be, determined to obtain political and social success; imbued with a commendable desire to regenerate his country, redress all wrongs, and make for himself a name that should resound throughout the land. In all this, how much, probably, has he been disappointed! He has found the House of Commons a place remarkable for making a man find his own level and reducing him to the world of common sense. Vain are the aspirations of that man entering the House without talent and without industry, and whose only recommendation is his balance at his banker's; and well would it be for the prestige of Parliament were he cognizant of the fact, and refrain from entering a sphere for which Nature never intended him. As the last speaker's voice died away, and those halls were left to silence and the spiders, men's minds, while being naturally elated at being released from tedious duties, must have been sadly depressed at the thought of what was to come. The expense, uncertainty, and annoyance of a general election are indeed no light matters; and not only are they so to the man himself, but they fall heavily on a large portion of the other sex. Many a fair dame has, in leaving town, the prospect of going with her husband or brother to some remote and objectionable borough, where, by her soft tongue and aristocratic manners, she hopes to impress upon the obtuse mind of the British voter the fact that the one she is interested in is the man most worthy of their suffrages, and the only one who has their interests truly at heart. To make oneself agreeable is at any time a nuisance, but for well-bred ladies to have to exercise their blandishments on ignorance and stupidity must be a penance worthy of the highest reward.

And now all these disinterested spirits are scattered broadcast over the country, taking with them much silver and gold, but little of that which, it has been opined, is of greater value, honesty and truth. London is rid for a time of all that which constitutes its greatness; its closed houses, empty streets, and desolate squares would make a stranger imagine some terrible plague had swept over it, or that a universal exodus had taken place. Sad is it for him whom cruel fate compels to remain in town. He wanders disconsolately through places which but a short time since were all joy and gladness. Rotten Row, where so many pleasant mornings have been spent in chatting with fair equestrians over the previous night's engagements, is now the most wretched place under the sun. Not a soul is there, except, perhaps, some unfortunate wight equally disconsolate and equally melancholy. The deserted streets re-echo to every footstep, the appearance of the houses is enough to damp the spirits of the most indifferent; they serve only to recall scenes of festivity now buried in the past—flirtations which, delightful while they lasted, now only produce recollections painful in the

extreme. Driven to desperation, the solitary man cries out, "Where be all those sons and daughters of pleasure?" And Echo answers, "Where?"

## SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

THE last day of the last session of Queen Victoria's seventh Parliament seemed to have a certain attraction for members of the House of Commons. It is calculated that between 150 and 200 members will either lose or vacate their seats, and some doubtless wished to see the quaint historic ceremony of the prorogation for the last time. Ministers were not in a hurry to make a House, and some few minutes elapsed before the Speaker could take the chair. Not that it is necessary to make a House at all on the day of the prorogation, for a Royal Commission makes a House, and when Black Rod knocks at the door, it is enough if the Speaker be in the chair, and a single member be in attendance. The House is *de facto* made, and the Speaker is bound to attend the summons of the Lords Commissioners, and repair with the mace to the Bar of the House of Lords.

Ministers are always cheery and pleasant on the last day of the session, and Friday was no exception to the rule, although no Premier of modern times has read in such plain and unmistakable handwriting on the wall a more rueful and rigorous "notice to quit." A Ministry usually have before them the prospect of five months' salary, patronage, and freedom from Parliamentary intermeddling; while something like legislative security has been taken in the present case that they shall stand discredited before the country, and ripe for ejection, in about twelve weeks. The Premier, however, was bland, affable, on good terms with himself and with the House, as a First Minister who remembered that he had caught hold of and bestridden a House elected upon the question of the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston, and that he had held the reins for two years, in spite of all attempts to throw him. Some of his colleagues in the Cabinet—Mr. Hardy, Lord Stanley, Mr. Ward Hunt, Sir J. Pakington, and Lord J. Manners—sat beside him on the Treasury Bench, and accompanied him to the House of Lords. The front Opposition bench, from which a few nights ago, when the Metropolitan Foreign Cattle Market Bill was under discussion, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Childers started up to pour an irresistible fire into the Bill, was now deserted, except by Mr. Lowe. Mr. Mill, who has shamed most of the younger members of the House by the regularity of his attendance and his conscientious attention to the debates, was again in his place. The chronic state of ministerial crisis in which we lived during the earlier part of the session was almost too much for Mr. Bright's nerves, as he pleasantly told us at the time; and the long hours and severe labours by which a House of Commons under Mr. Disraeli's management is fated to expiate the ministerial blunders and vacillations of the early part of the session, have since told so heavily upon the member for Birmingham that he was compelled to absent himself soon after the Boundary Bill was secure. Mr. Bright could not, of course, be expected to be in his place to-day.

While a few unimportant questions are being put by private members who like to see their names in the newspapers on the last day of the session, it will be prudent to go and secure a seat in the Lords for the ceremony of the Royal assent. The spectacle in the great gilded chamber is not imposing. A few peeresses are seen seated on the Opposition benches, but not a single Opposition peer. About fifty ladies are also accommodated with places in the Strangers' Gallery. They are permitted to hear to-day the prayers which precede every sitting of the House, but from any participation in which strangers are at other times, as in the Lower House, jealously excluded. It is the duty of the junior bishop (Rochester) to read prayers, but he has asked his right reverend brother of London to officiate for him to-day. The Lord Chancellor, habited in his black robe and wig, is seated upon the woolsack; but in a few minutes, having disposed of a little formal business, he retires to prepare for the great ceremony. Other Ministerial peers do the same, and in a few minutes a procession, headed by an usher, enters the House. The Lord Chancellor, still in his heavy full-bottomed wig, but wearing his state robe of scarlet and white ermine, embroidered about the breast with gold upon white silk, leads the procession. He is followed by four other Lords Commissioners in their peers' robes, two of which, by the number and depth of their ermined bars, denote that their wearers belong to the highest rank of the peerage.



The Lords Commissioners take their seats on a long scarlet bench between the Woolsack and the Throne, which is to-day uncovered, and shines out in all the splendour of gold and crystal. No sooner are they seated than they put on their hats, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Order, wearing the blue ribbon which indicates his official connection with the order of the Garter, and in a handsome uniform of blue and gold, presenting himself to receive their commands, is sent to desire the immediate attendance of the Commons to hear the Royal Commission read and the Royal assent given to several Bills.

Sir Augustus Clifford bows and departs on his mission. His gallant and dignified bearing, and the glory of his insignia and uniform, excite a profound sensation among the few privileged strangers in the lobby. As soon as the doorkeepers of the Commons see him approaching they prudently shut the doors. This compels him to knock with his wand of office, and they, impelled by curiosity to know who it is who thus disturbs them, look through the little wicket. Finding that it is Black Rod, they simulate a lively surprise, and quickly throw both doors wide open. The doorkeeper, in a stentorian voice, announces "Black Rod!" and the stately Mercury, advancing with the usual obeisances to the table, communicates his message. He retires backwards, bowing thrice, and when he gains the door waits to accompany the Speaker. Sir Augustus leads the procession. Then follow the Sergeant-at-Arms with the mace, the Speaker, and his train-bearer. The Prime Minister and members of the Cabinet follow the Speaker, and the other members of the House close the procession without much regard to order and decorum. Way is made by the police, and in time the Speaker presents himself at the bar of the Lords. Black Rod stands at his right hand to show the Lords Commissioners that he has obeyed their commands and has the Speaker in custody. On the Speaker's left is Lord Charles Russell with the gold mace. The Prime Minister, as the leading member of the House of Commons, stands on Black Rod's right. There is room for one other Minister in the front rank, and the place is occupied by the Secretary of State for War. The other Ministers stand in the second rank. The older members, wisely preferring seats in the gallery to standing places at the bar, run up the stairs, and enter the House with the usual hurry and disorder. They open the doors very wide, and the doors always close with a bang, so that a prorogation, with a great deal of noise and confusion and banging of doors, is supposed by some to be provided for in Magna Charta as part of the liberties of the subject.

It is somewhat remarkable that since the Silent Member first described the ceremony of the prorogation (LONDON REVIEW, September 1, 1860) a portion of the form and state has slipped out of use, no one knows how, or by whose authority or connivance. It deserves to be preserved, like the description of a lost Pleiad, by an eye-witness:—

"The ladies appear to be profoundly impressed with the ceremonies that begin as soon as we come to the bar. First, Mr. Speaker, who has no hat to take off, makes a lowly obeisance with his bewigged head. Then the Lords Commissioners simultaneously raise their hats and replace them. Then our Speaker, delighted to find himself in such agreeable company, makes them another low bow. Then the Lords Commissioners, not to be outdone in politeness, even by the first commoner of the realm, again lift their hats and again put them upon their heads. Then our Speaker, punctilious as a Spanish hidalgo of the reign of Charles V., transported to be *vis à vis* to such polite gentlemen, makes another low obeisance, and again five black cocked-hats are lifted in the air, held at arm's length, and replaced. 'Compliments pass when gentlefolks meet,' and, the first civilities over, we severally apply ourselves to business."

When it was pointed out to Dumouriez that some Frenchmen had gone to Court just before the Revolution without shoe-buckles, he exclaimed, "All is lost!" Some may think the present republican plainness of our civilities an equally disastrous omen; for the fact is, that the Speaker now only bows *once* to the Lords Commissioners, and that when they have acknowledged his bow by raising their hats the salutes of recognitions are at an end. It is clear that a power exists somewhere to revoke the oldest unwritten Parliamentary traditions, of which this was one. The eve of a new reformed Parliament is a propitious occasion for inquiring whether the ceremony of the prorogation and of giving the Royal assent to Bills cannot be still further brought into harmony with modern institutions.

The Lords Commissioners wear their hats during the ceremony. The Commons appear bareheaded and remain so. Not only the Lords Commissioners, but all the Lords, temporal and spiritual, remain comfortably seated during the ceremony. The Speaker, the Premier, and the Commons, stand uncomfortably at the bar during the long and formal process of giving assent to

Bills. If the Lords regarded the Lords Commissioners as the representatives of Majesty with so much awe as to remain standing while they were in the House, the Commons might, without loss of dignity, remain upon their feet too. But the Peers do not even rise when the Lords Commissioners enter the House, and they are quite right. When the sovereign enters the House, Peers and Peeresses, the *corps diplomatique* and distinguished visitors rise with a common impulse. Her Majesty bows to every part of the House with queenly grace and courtesy, and then by a gesture signifies her desire that the entire assembly should be seated. The writer once saw her Majesty manifest so much distress and anxiety when the assembly remained standing that she employed the Great Duke to interpret her wishes. He soon waved the company into their seats by a peremptory and unmistakable gesture.

Since her Majesty wishes all to be seated when she herself is seated upon the Throne, why should not a chair of state be placed for the Speaker of the House of Commons, and seats for the First Minister of the Crown (when a member of the Lower House), and other members of the House of Commons? Some sit in the Gallery. Why should not the more distinguished sit at the bar? The House of Commons is the third branch of the Legislature in rank and dignity, but it has grown to be the first in governmental influence. It is of co-ordinate authority with the Lords, and it is time it should assert its claims to be treated with due and becoming respect by the House of Lords. If it would be the Queen's desire—a seat being already provided—that the Speaker and her Ministers, and members of the Commons' House should sit,—there is a thousand times more reason why they should sit in the presence of the Lords Commissioners, who are not of the blood royal, and who are sometimes very commonplace persons indeed.

The behaviour of the clerks at the table, if it were not framed upon ancient precedent and practice, would be justly held to savour of contumely and insult towards the House of Commons. The Clerk of the Crown first bows to the Lords Commissioners, then reads the title of a Bill, and then bows again to them. He turns his back elaborately upon the Speaker, and ignores the Commons throughout. The title of the Bill having been read, the Clerk of the Parliaments on the other side of the table next bows to the Lords Commissioners, turns a three-quarter face to the Commons, and says, in a semi-despotic and peremptory tone, "*La Reyne le veut!*" He then bows again to the Lords Commissioners. There is then another salaam to the Lords Commissioners from the Clerk of the Crown, and so the play goes on. These two gentlemen make four obeisances to each Act of Parliament, making a total of four hundred and four obeisances on Friday, not one of which was directed to or at the Speaker or the Commons. Her Majesty, when she attends to prorogue Parliament in person, rebukes these rude persons who, in an era of constitutional government, think it their duty to behave in a manner better fitted to the ungracious minions of a Plantagenet or a Tudor. When her Majesty gives her Royal assent to Bills in person she accompanies it by a gentle inclination indicative of assent—an inclination of the head which is directed as much to the Commons as to the Lords.

What can be more reasonable, or more in conformity with good breeding and her Majesty's gracious practice, than for the Clerk of the Parliaments to make one obeisance to the Commons, as a co-ordinate and co-equal estate of the realm? The half-averted face and the peremptory tone are, it may be said, part of the traditions of the ceremony, but there is a dispensing power somewhere to alter and modify these in conformity with modern usage, and by a little good sense the whole formality might be made a good deal more dignified and impressive. One thing is certain, that if Queen, Lords, and Commons now agreed to settle the mode of giving the Royal assent to public and private Bills, the third estate of the realm would not consent to stand bareheaded at the bar while the Lords sat in their places, and to be treated with studied rudeness by the two gentlemen in wigs and gowns at the table.

The Speaker and the Commons stood at the bar on Friday for the best part of an hour. The Sergeant-at-Arms held the mace on his shoulder all this time, and members and Ministers were alike disgusted at the fatiguing and humiliating part they played. The interval between the prorogation and the first meeting of a reformed Parliament cannot be more profitably employed by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons than in bringing these absurd and antiquated forms into somewhat greater harmony with the predominating influence of the House of Commons in the State, and with the new era upon which we have entered.



## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, after declaring that he wouldn't and couldn't publish the Government *communiqué* on the case of M. Sandon and M. Billault, has published it—but too late. The action which had been commenced against him for refusing to insert the official correction of his statements has resulted in the imposition of a trifling fine, and the ridiculous affair is for the present at an end. M. Rochefort gave, as a reason for printing what he at first declined to print, the fact that the Government had asserted its right to confiscate the *Lanterne* at its own office and at the Post Office, as long as the *communiqué* was not inserted. This, of course, is a very serious power, which a man can hardly be expected to defy; but it is a pity that M. Rochefort did not comply with the demands of the Government at first, and thus save his fine, and avoid the somewhat contemptible position in which he is now placed. He stated that the *communiqué* would occupy forty-five out of the sixty pages of which his pamphlet journal consists; but, now that it is printed, it turns out that it only absorbs nineteen pages. The official document consists simply of a reproduction of a report presented to the Senate by M. Tourangin on February 19th, 1868, on the petition of M. Sandon himself; and, in the opinion of the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*—a vehement opponent of all things Imperial, and therefore not likely to be biased in favour of the Government—it is “an extremely pertinent refutation of a very gross calumny.” It seems that M. Sandon endeavoured to obtain the patronage of M. Billault when that gentleman was in power, and, failing in his attempt, wrote a series of threatening letters to extort money. “Three times,” says the correspondent to whom we have referred, “M. Sandon was prosecuted for forging letters which he pretended to have received from M. Billault, and three times the judges of instruction entered a *nolle prosequi*, on the ground that M. Sandon was not of sound mind. The eminent Doctors Blanche, Tardieu, and Foville, all certified at different times that M. Sandon was a lunatic. Now, to support M. Rochefort's case, it is necessary to suppose that all these judges, all these doctors, and a committee of the Senate, were in a conspiracy to lock up M. Sandon as a lunatic, for fear he should make disclosures damaging to M. Billault.” The correspondent adds that, much as he disliked M. Billault as a politician, he “never heard a word against his private character;” and he thinks M. Rochefort's reckless opposition “does infinite harm to the cause of liberty.” Many others will think the same.

M. FELIX PYAT has written a letter to the *Etendard*, in which he says that, though he is not the author of the manifesto of the Revolutionary Committee of Paris in which the assassination of the Emperor Napoleon is recommended, he read it at the meeting in London, having first “amended the form” (for which he had authority), while “scrupulously preserving the substance.” So that, after all, the police didn't concoct the infamous document—unless, hint the objectors, determined to make out a case somehow, the police wrote the letter to the *Etendard* signed “Felix Pyat”! These gentlemen are hard to convince.

*L'Opinion Nationale* prints a jeremiad on the condition of European affairs. The world is in a state of chaos; we are to witness “a formidable epidemic of apocalyptic literature,” and other signs and wonders too numerous to mention. Politics are afflicted with feverish imaginings, and we are in danger of a regular moral and material shipwreck. The heat of the weather is making itself felt universally through the columns of our Continental contemporaries.

MESSRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM & GOLDSCHMIDT have just issued the following notification with regard to the new French loan:—

“Messrs. Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt are authorized by the French Government to open subscription lists in London for the above loan, from the 6th to the 12th instant, both inclusive. The price of issue is 69½ per cent., with coupon attached, from 1st July, 1868. The deposit on application is 3 per cent.; that is to say, for every £100 or 2,500 francs nominal capital, £3, or 75 francs. The payment on allotment is 10 per cent., including the deposit. The sum remaining is to be paid in eighteen monthly instalments; the first on the 21st September, 1868, and the last on 21st February, 1870, in Paris, or two days previous in London. The first instalment will be received by Messrs. Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt at 25 francs per £1 sterling, the others at the exchange of the day. No payments in advance under discount will be received, and no fractions will be allotted. The French Government will notify in the *Moniteur* the total amount subscribed to this loan, and the proportionate reduction of applications. A statement of the amount to be returned to each subscriber will be

communicated as soon as practicable. For amounts above one hundred francs Rente (F. 3,333·33, or £133. 6s. 8d. nominal capital), the French Government scrip will be delivered; for smaller amounts the agents will issue their own scrip. No commission of any kind will be charged. Forms of application may be procured at Messrs. Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt's office, Founder's-court, Lothbury.”

M. JECKER, a speculator or promoter of Mexican bonds, fought a duel in Belgium with M. Odysse Barot, of the *Liberté*. This was how the affair was conducted:—“It was at first arranged that the champions should discharge six shots apiece, but the number was subsequently reduced to two. It was further stipulated that the men should be placed at 35 paces, with power to advance 10 paces and fire at will. The *Evenement* relates what followed:—

“At a given signal M. Jecker made a step forward, with his eye fixed on M. Barot, who remained motionless at first. M. Jecker raised his pistol, and kept it pointed towards his adversary during ten seconds. He then made another step in advance, and continued this manoeuvre during the whole ten paces, M. Barot not moving a muscle all the time. This little performance lasted six minutes; to those who were witnesses it seemed more like six hours. “I cannot go any farther, however,” observed M. Jecker. “You must not speak when under arms,” replied one of the seconds. Here followed a deadly silence, which lasted for about a minute, interrupted only by M. Barot recocking his pistol. The two adversaries were now at 25 paces distance. The seconds of M. Jecker, seeing that M. Barot continued to remain motionless, demanded that the conditions of the duel should be changed, and that the original propositions—viz., that the two adversaries, placed at 25 paces, should fire at a given signal two balls—should be adopted. The seconds of M. Barot having agreed to this proposal, both parties were ordered forthwith to raise their pistols again and fire at the signal of one, two, three! the shot to be fired on hearing either of those three numbers, as the party chose.”

“The signal being given, M. Jecker fired, and his antagonist returned his shot almost immediately. Jecker's bullet hit one of M. Barot's waistcoat buttons, glanced off, and lodged in his pocket, inflicting only a contused wound, so slight that he was able to return to Paris by train.” Now there is a very simple receipt for indulging in this gentlemanly exercise without much risk. The seconds may agree to underload the weapons, otherwise a bullet is not so likely to drop from a button into a waistcoat pocket when fired at a distance of only twenty-five paces.

THE following description of the state of the French vintage this season is extracted from the *Salut Public* of Lyons:—“The wine crop offers a splendid aspect almost everywhere, and is magnificent in Burgundy, the Maconnais, Revermont, and Lyons country. In the vineyards of Beaujolais the vine stocks literally bend beneath the weight of the grapes, which at present have attained almost their full size, and have begun to redden for the last few days. The owners are in high spirits, and if slight showers and great heat should alternate as hitherto there are grounds for expecting a very superior yield in quantity and in quality as compared with that of last year, and, besides, the vintage can be made a month earlier. We cannot deny, however, that the prolonged drought and the extraordinary heat have caused some damage in certain quarters. In sandy and gravelly soils many of the grapes have been roasted by the sun. The vineyards of the Mont-d'Or have particularly suffered in that respect, and rain is ardently longed for. In the south the oidium, comparatively inoffensive in these districts, has caused serious loss.”

AN interesting correspondence on sermons has been going on in the *Times*. One gentleman writes to tell of a vicar who saw people leaving the church without attending to the plate, whereupon the good vicar complained next Sunday from his pulpit, “On the last occasion of a charity sermon being preached in this church a person actually left with the intent of not giving to the Almighty His due.” He then announced that in future the discipline to be observed at a charity sermon should be regulated by a tune upon the organ which would signify the time when the congregation might be released. The discussion commenced on the old ground of the length of sermons. The preposterous dimensions of some of those odd discourses appears to be felt more severely in the month of August than at any other time. There used to be a “hunting mass” for followers of the chase, when England believed in the unreformed faith. Could not our ministers dock their pious essays during the hot summer noons, when the regulation drawl of the parson, combined with the atmosphere of the church, are irresistible incentives to sleep?

THE Wesleyan Conference, which has during the week been in session at Liverpool, has taken occasion to express itself with regard to two movements in the Church of England as to



which it declares the impossibility of reunion so long as they exist. These are Ritualism and Rationalism. It is difficult to say which of these principles is most repugnant to Wesleyan ideas; but it is certain that they form insurmountable barriers so long as they exist against a reunion between the Wesleyans and the Church of England. This is to be regretted. It is impossible to suppose that the Church of England can long continue in her present incongruous position, and whenever the time comes when she will find herself compelled to reject Ritualism on one hand, and Rationalism on the other, it will be well if she is able to recruit her strength by receiving back those who left her communion with regret, and who have never lost a friendly feeling towards her. Such a possibility becomes obviously less probable as Ritualism and Rationalism are developed within the Church. It would be interesting to know what number of clergymen are to be reckoned under these definitions, and to what extent those we may call the sound clergy are being absorbed by them. But, supposing that such a process is at work, it becomes a question of vital importance how much longer the absorbing bodies should be allowed to remain in the Church.

It appears that in the twenty-eight years ending March 31, 1867, the expenditure made for educational purposes by the Government of the United Kingdom amounted to £9,568,474, of which, however, £991,080, or more than 10 per cent., was absorbed by expenses of administration, and £13,294 in various miscellaneous charges. The balance was absorbed by various denominational schools as follows:—Church of England, £5,669,743; British and Foreign School Society, £859,215; Wesleyan, £440,751; Roman Catholic (England and Wales), £347,094; Parochial Union, £77,723; Church of Scotland, £621,975; Free Church of Scotland, £464,818; Episcopal Church of Scotland, £53,464; Roman Catholic (Scotland), £29,316. The expenditure for the year ending March 31, 1867, for expenses of administration was £78,432; and for schools of each denomination:—Church of England, £390,084; British and Foreign School Society, £66,461; Wesleyan, £32,135; Roman Catholic, £28,569; Parochial Union, £120; Church of Scotland, £51,312; Free Church of Scotland, £30,756; Episcopal Church of Scotland, £4,586; and Roman Catholic (Scotland), £2,747.

At Manchester, last week, a false alarm of fire was raised in a music-hall frequented by the lower classes, and in which, at the time, 3,000 persons were collected together. The result was a panic, and in the mad rush for escape twenty-three persons were trampled to death and a proportionate number injured. There is no providing against such catastrophes. Warning is thrown away, and all that can be done to reduce to the lowest point the probability of disaster is to secure as much facility of egress as possible. Our places of public amusement are, as a rule, most deficient in this respect. Take two of the most popular and most frequented of our London theatres, the Prince of Wales's and the New Royalty. As you descend the narrow corkscrew staircase which empties the boxes of either of these theatres, just fancy what would be the result if the visitors, instead of going out with the decorum which becomes the dress circle, were to make a rush for it under the panic of a cry of "Fire!" We are very remiss upon these points. Will it be of any use as a warning to say that those who are the first to yield to the panic are generally the first to fall victims to it?

THE sad accident elicited all kinds of sympathetic essays from our contemporaries. The *Daily News* contained an interesting paper on the text, giving an account of the comparative safety of the London theatres and music-halls. The risk of being burned or crushed to death in any one of them is considerable enough to spoil the enjoyment of a visitor who is in the least conscious of the danger. Why is not the American system of huge gateways or vomitoriums adopted?

A CASE in which a wine merchant and a Cambridge undergraduate figured lately shows that the materials for romance still obtain in our universities. Those famous "wines" are not yet things of the past. Champagne at 13s. 4d. per bottle and gorgeous copies of that elegant work the "Slang Dictionary" were amongst the items of expenditure with which the defendant was charged. It appears also that he indulged in a prize-fighter, like Mr. Toots, one of those gentry, "and others of a similar character," as a witness remarked, being seen at his gateway. The jury found a verdict against the

plaintiff, and we trust the result may prove a caution to tradesmen who are ready to supply unlimited Moselle to gentlemen of sparse means.

Is the West Pier at Brighton safe? We should like to have the question more reliably answered than it has been by the secretary, by order of "my directors." When was anything unsafe in the opinion of a director? On Sunday there was a regular panic amongst several thousand persons who were at the head of the pier, sitting or promenading, owing to the cry that the pier was giving way. The secretary writes to say that the directors have caused a careful survey of the pier to be made; that "not the slightest strain or displacement has been found;" that "they confidently believe the structure is in every way perfectly secure;" and that "the directors have been informed by their engineer that the construction of the pier is not upon the principle of absolute rigidity, but provides for deflection, as essential to the security of such a structure as the Brighton West Pier." This is all very well as a matter of science, supposing it to be true that the principle of deflection is as necessary as the directors have been informed. But, for our own part—and we think the majority of people will agree with us—we should prefer the principle of "absolute rigidity."

If the police regulations which are so rigidly applied at this season to the muzzling of dogs, could be brought to bear upon certain actors, the public would be benefited and the "profession" certainly not injured. The strange and unearthly things that are done at many London playhouses in the month of August, when the regular companies have gone to the country, and the lessees are willing to let their stages to anybody for two months who can pay a fixed rental, are only known to the unfortunate dramatic critics who have to attend all performances. On Saturday last Mr. Disraeli's mouldy tragedy of "Alarcos" was thrust upon the boards of Astley's Theatre, and represented by a company that could do everything but act. A wordy and undramatic play was made more undramatic by clumsy adapters, and was then ladled out to a perspiring and patient audience by the most incompetent set of actors who ever helped to bring ridicule on the "legitimate" drama. The principal lady, a Miss Cameron from America, has no single qualification for tragedy; and the only passable impersonation was the Alarcos of Mr. Charles Verner, who imitated the gaspings of Mr. Phelps. This trying performance is not sufficient to satisfy the theatrical profession in the tropical season, and we are, therefore, threatened with a Mexican tragedian, who will appear about the middle of the month, at the St. James's Theatre, in the tragedy of "Richard III."

It is amazing to what an extent men will sometimes press their ingenuity to devise out-of-the-way means of safety when an obvious means lies before them. Not a day passes but people are being deprived of their watches. They announce their possession of these precious articles by the conspicuous advertisement of an Albert chain, and then they are astounded when a daring thief pounces upon them as they are passing his lair, and, by the convenient purchase they offer him, whip their watches out of their pockets and make off with them. Letters are written to show how the thieves may be baffled and "people" be still able to sport their gaudy trinkets. Sew a ring firmly inside the waistcoat pocket and pass the watch-chain through it before it is attached to the waistcoat button-hole; let the Albert guard be made of a piece of very light hollow elastic tube which will stretch indefinitely. These are samples of the ingenuity which would rather reach Kensington from the Strand by going first to Whitechapel, than by going direct. Why not lay aside these ridiculous, unmanly trinkets altogether?

A TREMENDOUS amount of gunpowder has been let off at Chatham in a rehearsal of a siege. The performance was not unattended by a casualty, a bridge breaking down under a body of men whose bayonets were fixed. Earthworks were flung up and taken, torpedoes exploded under water, and mines sprung, "heaving up the earth like water," writes the *Times*' correspondent, "as its great mass of flame and smoke rushed out into the air." Playing at sieges, we imagine, must cost something.

THE *Oswestry Advertiser* states that a parson in the country declares that the continued drought is owing to Mr. Gladstone's attitude on the Irish Church question.



A NOT very encouraging account has been received of the introduction of salmon ova into New Zealand. In a private letter from Wellington we are told the ova carried out by the *Celestial Queen* had been hatched in the province of Otago. Eleven boxes from the same vessel were forwarded to Canterbury, but it is feared that none would germinate. It is yet doubtful whether the rivers of the North Island are cold enough for salmon, so that the experiments of acclimatization are confined at present to the south. The success of the *Celestial Queen's* importation is in great measure owing to the care and interest which Mr. Frank Buckland bestowed in England on its preparation and packing. Unfortunately the ship made a longer passage than was anticipated, or the result would have been still more satisfactory.

"THE BOOK OF JASHER" divides with the poem imputed to Milton, and the nature of "Sermons," the task of enlivening the columns of the leading journal in the silly season. What is "The Book of Jasher"? who wrote it? what are its contents? and, above all, is it extant? As it is referred to twice in the Bible, these are interesting questions. The last, and most important, is partly answered by two correspondents of the *Times*. The first is Mr. W. Adam, of Beconsfield, Bucks, who writes that about thirty years ago he brought a copy of it with him from the East, and subsequently deposited it in the library of the London Institution, Finsbury-circus, with a memorandum explaining the circumstances under which it came into his possession. Another correspondent, "S," says that a copy of "The Book of Jasher" was sold with the library of the late Rev. William Marsh, vicar of Ashburton, Devon, and is now in the possession of a gentleman who purchased it, and who is known to Mr. "S." Mr. Adam gives the following as his impressions, so far as he can recall them, upon reading the book:—First, that it contains numerous and indubitable marks of modernness in names, in facts, in allusions, not difficult to be explained, and all the more easy of detection from the fact that Rabbinical commentaries, as in this very book, are often written continuously with the text. Secondly, that, notwithstanding these additions, interpolations, corruptions—call them what you will—a sound criticism will also probably recognise marks of great antiquity both in matter and in manner, affording at least grounds to pause before pronouncing an unqualified condemnation of its genuineness. Thirdly, that whatever opinion may be finally formed as to the antiquity belonging to some portions of the book, it is an Eastern copy of the work from which Bartoloccius quotes in his "Bibliotheca Hebraica." If Mr. Adam's copy is still in the library of the London Institution, and if the copy belonging to the late Mr. Marsh can be got at, would it not be well to compare them?

THE railway companies, it appears, will not let the excursionists and suburban residents have their trips without paying well for them. The papers are full of letters from "Victims," "Survivors," and other indignant contributors of special grievances, who groan under the new tariffs. We are, however, at the mercy of the companies, and must yield to the impost, unless some speculative persons think seriously of tramways.

A WEAVER who had taken a return ticket on a railway was drowned, and the body, being recovered by his companions, was brought to the station, where the authorities refused to convey the corpse, save on the usual conditions imposed for freight of the kind. There may be good reasons for such a course, but it appears a hard one.

WHAT sort of people are they who want to travel in company and have no friends to go with them?

"TOURISTS TO SCOTLAND.—A gentleman, age 25, intending to take a walking tour in Scotland, in about a fortnight's time, is desirous of joining another gentleman, or a party."

"TO LADIES ABOUT TO TRAVEL on the Continent or the United Kingdom, from one to three months.—A lady wishes to join a party of three other ladies who are desirous of travelling quietly and comfortably. References of the highest respectability given and required."

"A YOUNG LADY would be glad to join a small family who intend travelling on the Continent for five or six months. The highest references given and expected."

CONSOLS are quoted 94 to  $\frac{1}{2}$  for money and 94 $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  for the account. The holidays having commenced, the markets generally are dull. Very little business has been transacted in foreign stocks, and

this at depressed prices. Colonial Government securities remain unaltered. The railway market has been heavy at unfavourable rates. Bank and miscellaneous shares have been quiet. Mining shares have been slightly active. The Bank of England have given notice that on the 2nd of September the New £3 per Cents., Reduced £3 per Cents., Annuities for Thirty Years, Annuities for terms of years, and India £4 per Cents. will be transferable without the dividend due on the 10th of October next; also that the transfer books of Bank stock will shut on the 16th of September and open on the 12th of October. The biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The amounts allotted were—to Calcutta, £177,200, and to Madras £22,800. The minimum price was fixed, as before, at 1s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on both Presidencies; and tenders at 1s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. will receive about 94 per cent.; those above will be allotted in full. These results show a renewed diminution in the demand for means of remittance to the East. The Anglo-Austrian Bank have invited subscriptions for shares in the Royal privileged Hungarian North-Eastern Railway, which are of 200 silver florins each, issued at 145 Austrian currency, and guaranteed 5 per cent. by the Government. Shareholders in the Anglo-Austrian Bank are entitled to one share for each five, and those in the Anglo-Hungarian Bank to one for every ten shares they hold in the bank. A Parliamentary paper shows that it appears from the Bank weekly return that in the year ending with June, 1868, the amount of Bank of England notes held by the public varied from £22,889,000 in the middle of December to £24,994,000 in the middle of October; and the bullion held varied from £18,994,000 in May to £23,497,000 in October. The return for the week ending 24th of June, the latest given, shows that there were then in circulation 1,649,800 £5 Bank of England notes, 445,600 £10 notes, notes from £20 to £100 amounting in value to £7,127,000, £200 to £500 notes £1,890,000, and 1,965 £1,000 notes.

THE directors of the Great Northern Railway have determined to recommend to the proprietors at the general meeting on the 22nd inst. to declare a dividend for the half-year to the 30th June last at the rate of £4. 5s. per cent. per annum on the original stock of the company, giving for the half-year £2. 2s. 6d. per cent. to the original stock, £3 per cent. to the B stock, and £1. 5s. per cent. to the A stock. The directors of the Midland Railway Company have decided to recommend to the proprietors a dividend on the ordinary stock for the half-year ending June 30 at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. The directors of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have issued a circular respecting the placing of the perpetual 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. debenture stock at the price of 95. The instalments will spread from the 25th of August to the 15th of March next. The directors of the Salisbury and Yeovil Railway Company have agreed to recommend a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum for the past half-year, carrying forward a balance of £2,300. An extraordinary general meeting of the Metropolitan Railway Company is convened for the 19th inst., "for the purpose, if so determined, of passing a resolution, pursuant to the provisions contained in the Regulation of Railways Act, 1868, to divide the paid-up ordinary stock of the company into two classes, to be and to be called, the one, 'preferred ordinary stock,' and the other, 'deferred ordinary stock,' and to issue the same subject and according to the provisions and consequences defined in the said Act." A circular issued to the proprietors of the East Indian Railway Company, says:—"The board of directors of the East Indian Railway Company have authority from the Secretary of State to issue £1,000,000 of consolidated stock, bearing interest at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum from the 1st July instant, in terms of the contract with the Secretary of State for India in Council, at a premium of £6. 15s. for every £100 stock, and I am instructed to offer you your rateable proportion of the same." The requisite payment is to be made by the 19th instant. The half-yearly meeting of the North London Railway Company is called for the 20th August; that of the North and South-Western Junction Railway Company for the 28th August; and that of the Isle of Wight Railway Company for the 13th August. At the meeting of the Grosvenor and West-end Railway Terminus Hotel Company (Limited) the accounts, made up to the end of June, showed a balance in favour of the company of £1,382. It was decided to pay £292 in the shape of interest on the 8 per cent. preference shares, to add £500 to the reserve fund, and to carry forward the balance of £589. The directors remark that the sum carried forward is sufficient to pay a dividend at the same rate as the last, leaving a balance



of £114, but they suggest that, until they are able to pay a somewhat larger amount on the ordinary shares than before, it will be advisable to declare dividends only once a year.

THE report of the London and County Bank shows an available total of £79,976, including a previous balance of £7,810, and announces the usual dividend of 6 per cent., with a bonus of 2 per cent., equal to 16 per cent. per annum, which will absorb £75,884, and leave £4,092 to be carried forward. At the corresponding period of last year the distribution was at the rate of 22 per cent. per annum. The paid-up capital is £959,996, against £880,864 in July, 1867; the reserve is £459,996, against £380,864; the deposits held are £12,004,477, against £12,032,334; and the acceptances are £1,676,317, against £1,347,184. The report of the London and South-Western Bank recommends a dividend of 5s. per share, which will absorb £2,500, and leave £560 to be carried forward. The report of the Anglo-Italian Bank (Limited) for the past half-year shows an available total of £8,011, subject to the contingency of a possible loss of £15,000 or £20,000 referred to in the previous report. The bank, in contracting its affairs, has already returned £5 per share of the paid-up capital, and a further return of £2. 10s. about this time was contemplated; but in consequence of the improvement of business prospects in Italy and the steady recovery in the rate of exchange, the directors consider it advisable, under existing circumstances, not to transfer more of the funds of the bank from that country. A third dividend of 1s. 6d. in the pound is now payable to the creditors of the Oriental and Commercial Bank (Limited), at the offices of Messrs. Cooper Brothers & Co. The report of the Provincial Banking Corporation (Limited) shows an available total of £9,411, and recommends a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, which will absorb £5,906, and the appropriation of £2,000 to reserve, leaving £1,505 to be carried forward. The paid-up capital is £157,503, the reserve is £10,000, and the deposits held are £563,595. The Birmingham Joint-stock Bank (Limited) have declared a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. The paid-up capital is £203,900, the reserve is £213,275, and the deposits held are £1,136,585. The report of the Birmingham Town and District Banking Company, to be presented on the 13th inst., recommends a dividend of 5s. per share, making 7½ per cent. for the year. But for an ascertained loss of £9,525 from the failure of a firm of long standing, a larger distribution would have been practicable. An extraordinary general meeting of the Telegraph to India Company (Limited) is convened for the 9th August, to confirm the proceedings at the meeting on the 12th ult., with reference to the agreement between this company and the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company (Limited); also for the purpose of declaring a dividend for the half-year ending the 30th June. The directors of Reuter's Telegram Company (Limited) have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, being the limit fixed by the Articles of Association. At the meeting of the English and Foreign Credit Company (Limited) the net profit for the half-year, including the balance brought forward, was stated at £6,359, and a dividend of 5s. per share, free of income-tax, was declared. At the half-yearly meeting of the City of London Brewery Company (Limited), Sir James Duke in the chair, an interim dividend of 3½ per cent. was declared, which will absorb £20,527, and leave a balance to be carried forward, after adding £3,118 to reserve (now £47,289), and providing for the usual depreciation of leasehold property. At the meeting of the London Rice Mill Company (Limited) a dividend was declared at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum; £6,915 was added to the reserve, raising that account to £20,000, and £4,407 was carried forward.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE POEM ASCRIBED TO MILTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—If you have room for anything in addition to the moderate and able paper upon this subject which appeared in the LONDON REVIEW of the 18th of July, I should like to say a few words upon some of the criticisms which have been made upon it, and, above all, to give one or two reasons more for believing the epitaph not to be Milton's. In doing this, I will consider your space more than what remains to be said upon the poem.

In the first place, many of us must have been unpleasantly struck, not to say irritated, by the unnecessary rashness of

some of these criticisms. Why, one would ask, why do not people take time to think, instead of eagerly writing to the papers the first thing that comes uppermost, only to be contradicted by another correspondent the next morning? In point of moderation, judicious reticence, and respectful treatment of his subject, Professor Morley appears to me to be entitled to the highest praise; but the wild hitting of some of the other combatants, including, first and worst, Lord Winchilsea, has been a strange study to a few patient, however deeply interested, critics of the poem.

Next to haste, I should say that the most striking characteristic of the majority of the criticisms has been their hardness; they have none of them been, for example, as hard as Bentley, but few of them have shown that plasticity of intelligence which is even more essential than accuracy in a case like the present.

The most important contribution to the controversy has, I think, been made by Professor Masson in reintroducing the supposed lines of Milton, inscribed in a copy of Ross's "Mel Heliconium." I should, myself, be ready to rest in the conclusion that the man who wrote those lines also wrote the epitaph in question. But what could be more unfortunate than Mr. Masson's last remark:—"Milton, as far as I have heard, was (about the year 1647) engaged in more thunderous work than the pursuit of bees or the study of honey-making." Good heavens, Mr. Editor! is that any reason why he should not have written these verses?

Again, one may say in this place, that the fact that the lines in question, or those in the "Mel Heliconium," are "unworthy" of Milton is no reason for affirming that he did not write them, though it should make us pause in affirming that he did: which is quite another thing. Does anybody suppose that a collection of the fugitive MS. pieces of Wordsworth, or Coleridge, or Shelley, would not contain a great many pieces which might justly be called "stuff," as Mr. Masson calls the Ross couplets? The question must be, not—Is any given poem as good as anything a given poet ever wrote?—but, Is this given poem characteristic?

A great deal has been said about thyme in woods. Lord Winchilsea absolutely made game of the idea. A friend (who is a much better observer of nature than I am), on reading his lordship's letter, immediately quoted to me places in England where thyme may be found profusely growing in woods; not in the dark, overshadowed spots, but in the more open spaces. There is nothing inaccurate in the mere phrase, "thymy wood;" though the bee which was caught in the liquid amber could hardly have been thyme-sipping *when* he was caught. On the whole, however, though Milton's descriptions of natural objects are not free from conventionalism, and, when we come to details, are sometimes second-hand, I think the *whole passage* about the bee and the "thymy wood" unlikely to have been written by Milton. One to his lordship, then.

To this particular objection "F. W." replied, that Milton did sometimes make mistakes, and quoted these lines:—

"Through the sweet-brier or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine"—

Adding, what is true by the dictionary, that sweet-brier and eglantine are the same thing. Nevertheless, the use of the word eglantine to mean the honeysuckle is not uncommon, and the word twisted seems decisive as to what Milton meant; though he also knew the honeysuckle by name, as appears from some lines in "Comus":—

"A bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honeysuckle."

On the whole, though an error of description or nomenclature would not stamp a piece as not Milton's, I think (as I have already said) the whole of this bee and thyme passage could not have been written by him.

The criticisms on rhymes struck me as being the oddest of all. Archdeacon Denison quotes the last six lines of "Comus" as bad! Now, dropping the *b* in "climb" (and practically it is always dropped), the rhymes are perfect. I can go no farther with this. Candidly, I have no patience whatever with critics who cannot read such words as "mourn" and "urn," or "her" and "paramour" in such a way as to make them chime sufficiently. Why, sir, it is one of the great arts of the poet to be able skilfully to throw his exacter music into relief by "prepared discords" of the kind which seem to horrify some critics. It would have been better for the fame of Mr. Tennyson, among others, if he had had the courage or the stoicism to practise the art.

But of all the criticisms the objection to the line—

"Make their own tears their Helicon"—



because Helicon is a mountain and not a stream, was the very strangest. Mr. Morley rightly replies by saying it is legitimate to put the cup for the thing contained. I should think it was! Mr. "W. V. H." makes answer that this is too subtle and far-fetched. I reply, that the best poetic prose contains things quite as subtle and far-fetched; and is mostly excellent in proportion as it does so. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with his usual prompt resource, quotes the constant usage of the poets for this figure of speech. His instances are decisive; but they were unnecessary. The thing is so *ignominiously* obvious! Lord Byron (who ought to have known better) was offended with Keats's "beaker full of the warm South." I suppose that is too far-fetched! The critic who cannot see how, after a time, poets, instead of writing of the springs of Helicon, would naturally come to say Helicon, I give up. He may be a very accomplished fellow, but I should never think of arguing about poetry with a man of so implastic an understanding.

A far different matter is the *repeated* use of the word "its" in the epitaph. I think this objection fatal. In the "Hymn on the Nativity," the word "its" is used once upon compulsion:—

"Nature . . . was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling"—

the object being to avoid an ambiguity. Yet Milton's aversion to the word is clearly to be seen in another verse of the same poem:—

"And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."

Here, in spite of the "itself" Milton writes "her" in the very next line. But it remains to be said, that surely Milton would not have departed, in a personification, from the natural phraseology of personification, unless he had good reason. In the "Vacation Exercise" rhymes, we have—

"When beldame Nature in her cradle was."

In the Marchioness of Winchester's epitaph we have expressly applied to "the hapless babe" who "before his birth had burial," the possessive pronoun "his," though, in the very next lines, to the flower that images the babe we have the word "her" applied. Why, then, should we have—

"Infant Nature, cradled here,  
In its principles appear"?

This does *not* ring like Milton; and I must say that, after all Professor Morley has written upon the subject, I think the added grammatical error too crude and *too crudely placed* for Milton. Poets make grammatical mistakes; but this is a *clumsy* mistake, almost begging for notice.

As for beginning the line with "doth"—

"Doth in its principles appear"—

that is not the MS. And if it were, it would be an argument against its being Milton's. I have no concordance at hand, but I do not remember a line of Milton's beginning with "doth," while I do remember lines in which Milton has resorted to almost harsh (grammatical) inversions rather than commence a line with such a "hunked" little word.

I must observe, by the bye, that there is another very awkward, not to say ambiguous, passage in the epitaph:—

"Meanwhile ye Muses doe deplore  
The losse of this their paramour  
With whom he sported ere ye day  
Budded forth its tender ray."

There are two ways of making sense of this. You may turn "he" into "they," or you may refer the "whom" back to "the Muses." But that seems unnecessarily harsh, and I can only call the passage obscure, and probably imperfect.

I now approach what seems to me to be the strongest of all reasons for not receiving this poem as Milton's. Professor Brewer wrote to the *Times* on the 23rd of July in these terms:—

"Milton collected and published his minor poems in 1645, and inserted in that collection not only his college exercises, but various copies of verses written by him in his earliest years, some of which, I think it will be admitted, are of little or no interest beyond the light they throw on the literary history of the poet. They show with what care the poet preserved almost every scrap of his poetical writings. . . . As the poem in question does not appear in that collection, we are, I think, driven to these alternatives—either that the poem is not the production of Milton, or that it was written seven or eight years at least after the composition of 'Lycidas.' . . . During the whole of this period . . . we have nothing from his pen beyond a few sonnets and one or two versifications of the 'Psalms,' which are entirely free from poetical ornament or conceits. If this argument be worth anything, those who support the genuineness of this new poem will have to show that Milton, long after the composition of the 'Lycidas,' with his fastidious taste, his exquisite ear, and in the full

maturity of his powers, went back . . . to the cruder and less finished forms of his earliest works."

I confess, sir, I think this of the very utmost weight. But it is not all. Attentively reflect upon the impression which the poem leaves upon the mind. It not only wants severity: it wants unity, continuity, poise, and concentration—qualities *never* wanting in Milton. The general effect of the epitaph is even muddling to the head. I might object that the couplet—

"Whilst my more pure and nobler part  
Lies entomb'd in every heart—"

is exceedingly weak; that "cold numbness" is weak again; that "shall retreat by a more than chemic heat" is an instance of grammatical ellipsis, or worse than ellipsis, with which I am loth, considering the other errors in the poem, to credit Milton; and that—

"Then as I am I'll be no more,  
But bloom and blossom as before,"

is not only weak, but ineffably clumsy, not to say Scotch ("I'll be no more!"), and utterly unparalleled by anything in Milton. But please observe attentively the following couplets:—

"These ashes we<sup>ch</sup> doe here remaine  
A vitall tincture still retaine.  
A seminall forme within y<sup>e</sup> deeps  
Of this little chaos sleeps.  
The thred of life untwisted is  
Into its first consistencies.  
Infant naure cradled here  
In its principles appeare.  
This plant thus calcind into dust  
In its ashes rest it must,  
Untill," &c.

Now, sir, where am I to find any parallel to this string of metaphorical remarks, I was going to say, in Milton? Is it his manner at all? Indeed, no. In spite of the image of the untwisted thread, which is Miltonic—see his poems *passim*—this passage is in its disjointedness utterly unlike Milton. Milton never jots down images like this. When he has got an idea, he takes it up on his wings, and keeps poised in air with it till the mind and the ear are satisfied. Of the very long periods he often makes out of a single thought or fancy I need not speak. But to make metaphorical remarks, in the vein of this epitaph, is for fifth-rate poets and no-poets. I will take the liberty of refreshing the memory of your readers by giving just one example (from the Winchester epitaph) of Milton's manner of exhausting an image in a long-suspended period:—

"So have I seen some tender slip,  
Saved with care from Winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flower  
New shot up from vernal shower;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Sideways, as on a dying bed;  
And those pearls of dew she wears  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hastening funeral."

One point more. I have said that "the thread of life" image is Miltonic. But read this aloud:—

"The thread of life untwisted is  
Into its first consistencies."

I should like to hear Lord Dundreary, or Miss Gushington, with her pretty lisp, repeat that couplet. But that Milton wrote it, I never will believe.

I am, Sir, yours very obediently,

3rd August, 1868.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

## "HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—I had never spent a happy day. Many a time had I seen upon a dead wall the recipe for procuring at least twelve hours' enjoyment in the course of one's life; but somehow I had neglected my opportunities. When, however, my young French friend Plombon came over to see London, he talked much of a place which he called "Roashairiveel," and insisted on being taken to it. "I do not like your London," he said. "I get nothing fit to eat. I see nothing but omnibuses wherever I go. Let me have one happy day before I return—gardens, music, promenade, and so forth." This was the substance of a quarter of an hour's rapid French; and so we went. Unfortunately, I had never ventured to navigate the Thames in a steamer; and while Plombon was sitting curiously eyeing the people about him—the strange people who dropped



walnut-shells all over the deck and sent their "h's" to follow—I was slowly awaking to the discovery that one takes about two hours to get to Rosherville by boat, and that during the time one is forced to recall ancient reminiscences of Cologne. However, in course of time we reached the pier, walked up to the gate of the gardens, paid our money, and entered. Plombon lit a cigar, and cheerfully declared that he would speak English. Indeed, I've often remarked that my friend's spirits always rose when he approached artificial embankments, flowers, and plaster statues. Let me say, once for all, that the gardens of Rosherville are very pretty, and very tastefully laid out; that there is no Cockney glare about the arrangement of the beds; and that the flowers are charming. "How few of the world you have here!" said Plombon, adjusting the loose ends of his necktie and posing his tall hat as he saw a servant-girl in the distance. "And these statues, these are your great men of England, eh?" Yes, they were England's great men, placed on pedestals around the central flower-plots; and upon these pedestals the poet of Rosherville had inscribed a suitable couplet or a quotation. It must be admitted by all unprejudiced minds that these mottoes evince a touching simplicity, that the unknown poet is a man of much moral sentiment, and that visitors to Rosherville might do worse than commit to memory the various excellent maxims here displayed for their advantage. A favourite admonition is this:—

"All should unite to guard  
What all may share;  
A general good should  
Be a general care."

The plethora of rhyme in the third line is rather awkward; but the moral of the verse is sound and wholesome. I observed that the face of Cowper was disfigured by a black moustache; and that Shakespeare's countenance wore a melancholy expression, as though he did not quite appreciate the truth written on the pedestal below, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Burke has a frightfully square nose; Pope, wearing a cowl, was taken by Plombon for a madman; and Dryden is made responsible for this effort in spelling:—"The air breaths upon us here most sweetly." But however the busts of great men may decay, their poetical labours endure; and it was only with a heightened interest that we continued our literary researches. Here is one choice specimen, which Plombon, who has derived his little knowledge of English from an English grammar, could not understand:—"The Flood was caused by Sin, and so on through the whole Bible it may be traced to the fall of Cities and Nations." "Is it the Flood or the Sin one traces?" asked Plombon, peering through his eyeglass. But we had forgotten our local poet, who, it should be remarked, occasionally becomes merry. Here, for instance, is a profound witticism enshrined in graceful verse:—

"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOUR.  
Our pastor oft, my faith to prove,  
Forbids me to love Edward Moore,  
Yet bids me still my neighbour love,  
And Edward only lives next door."

Let us piously hope that the gentle little casuist got into no trouble through the neighbour whom the particular pastor recommended her to avoid. Elsewhere our poet is himself struck down by love, and embodies his sorrows in a sweet epigram:—

"ON THE COLDNESS OF MY LOVE.  
My love a steamboat I will prove her,  
And I'm the paddlewheels so wide;  
With all my power I strive to move her,  
Yet, like those wheels, I'm set aside."

Plombon was wholly puzzled by the last line. "What is this, therefore, this 'set aside'?" he asked. "How you set aside the wheels of a steamboat?" "It is a playful allegory," said I, "which your ignorance of English prevents your seeing." "You have of good poets in England," he replied, with an unpleasant sneer. "We have, at least," said I, warmly, "decent moralists. Cast your eye around." On the pedestal nearest him were these words:—"Never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't;" and not far off was this other scrap from some prose-poem:—"The moon, sweet mistress of the night, is about the full; then she makes rare pictures with her silvery solemn light." Plombon made use of some unnecessary expressions which I need not here translate; and we walked on. I had soon an opportunity of destroying the foreign indifference of my companion. There was a large tent before us, with a spectral Swiss girl, made of wood, turning the handle of an organ. We were advised by the man outside to go in and see the wonderful "exhibition of laughable moving figures working by machinery, all of them the size of life." We passed

into the tent, and there a spectacle met us which made Plombon start back in terror. In an instant we found ourselves in a dimly-lighted apartment, surrounded by a large number of horrible grinning figures, who were rolling their eyes, moving their under-jaw, and staring at us with a ghastly smile on their ghastly faces. It was several minutes before Plombon recovered from that first shock, and began to see that these terrible figures were acting pantomimes. Here was a brawny-armed cobbler engaged in sewing up his wife's mouth, the unhappy woman twisted in a curious fashion, so as to bring her into a plane with the swing of her husband's arms. There was a family party in a dustman's parlour, with his daughter playing on the pianoforte, and all the wooden heads nodding time. Here was a hideous group of negroes—but I despair of conveying to the reader the effect produced by these automatic monsters. We hastened out into the fresh air, and came to the conclusion that our pence had been well laid out. But no nervous children should be allowed to enjoy this part of a happy day. "Here is a theatre," said I to Plombon. He shrugged his shoulders. "Your English theatre is like your English poetry," said he. "Then," said I to this scornful being, "here is the route to 'The Maze, Whale, and Museum.' Can you resist?" "No," said he; "I never saw a whale; let us go."

The entrance to the habitat of the whale was surrounded by a number of small boys, who seemed to have a fatal facility of shrieking at the pitch of their voice; and they all shrieked recommendations of what was to be seen within. One of these boys officiated as guide, and preceded us into the long tent, in which was hung up the skeleton of a whale. Plombon burst into a fit of laughter, and so did the boy. But this young scoundrel recovered himself, and contented himself by becoming excessively funny. I gazed with mingled admiration and astonishment upon the prodigy as he continued. "Yes, sir; quite true, sir. I'll show you the swallow, sir, and you'll say it's as likely Jonah swallowed the whale as the whale swallowed Jonah. Here you are, sir; that's the size of his swallow; that's where Mr. Jonah must have squeezed himself through." And the blasphemous young ruffian grinned and took down the large grey bone. "Now here, sir, is Mr. Lazarus—old figure, sir, of Mr. Lazarus, done by the monks in the twelfth century; you see all the rags he wore, and the sores that the dogs licked. Yes, sir; quite true, sir—oh, no mistake! And here's Mrs. Lazarus, as we call her—an ancient mummy, sir. That's Mrs. Lazarus, and here are the little Lazaruses." And so we went round the museum. A scientific gentleman now came and insisted upon Plombon's receiving a shock from a galvanic battery. Plombon refused respectfully; the man seemed hurt; Plombon was firm; and at length his enemy, out of an ignoble revenge, went to the end of the tent and began to grind out of an organ the tune "Old Hundredth" with prodigious bass notes. "Now," said Plombon, to the boy, "you have give us all your jokes. I will give to you another for the visitor who next comes. What said the terrier when he come out of the ark? You know not? He ask, 'Is that 'ere a rat?'" But with Plombon's pronunciation, even this supernaturally quick-witted urchin could not discover the joke; so instead he received some coppers gratefully, and we left.

We went and saw the bear-pit, with nursery-maids poking parasols at the unhappy creatures inside. We saw the miniature "Waterloo-flies;" and the *cosmoramic* views of "The Wounded Knight" and "Peace and Plenty," of "The Falls of Montmorency" and "The War with New Zealand." Plombon had relapsed into a state of sombre meditation. "In France," he remarked, suddenly, "we say, 'Il n'y a plus d'enfants.' In England you have nothing but infants. It is the infancy of amusement here. Your men and your women, they come from London, they see these things, they are able to amuse themselves of it—they are children. Our shopkeeper in France, he know more of acting than the people which sit in your London theatres; he will laugh at your small parts—he will say you have one, two, three good actors and actresses—the others are—pooh! He come here—he die laughing! The bones of a vane—these moving figures—" "Come now, Plombon," said I, "you have not in France a work of art capable of producing on a stranger such an effect as these figures produced on you. I saw you start back—I saw your cheek pale with emotion. Besides, don't abuse these gardens till you have really examined them. Now, for instance, there is the maze—" "What is this, this maze?" With some difficulty I explained; and never shall I forget the look of Plombon's face. He walked straight out of the gardens; and when I overtook him he had already hired a vehicle to take us to Gravesend station.

Yours, B.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## MODERN FRENCH PHILOSOPHY.\*

As a sort of corollary to the International Exhibition of 1867, the French Government determined upon publishing a series of reports showing the progress in letters and science which France has made during twenty-five years of "incessant intellectual labour in all the branches of human knowledge." The compilation of these reports was intrusted to the men of greatest eminence in their respective walks; and the Minister of Public Instruction, under whose auspices the work was begun, may well look upon it, when finished, "comme une sorte d'exposition de la France littéraire et scientifique." The volume which we have named below belongs to this series, and in itself offers material for a number of interesting and curious considerations. The first of these—which we cannot do more than mention here—is the singular *liaison* which sometimes occurs between philosophy and politics. One of the most obvious symptoms of the reaction against the French Revolution, for example, was the unparalleled eagerness with which all men seized upon philosophical idealism, as if there alone they were to find political peace and quiet. At the present moment, also, the French Government is anxious to discourage Realism; and the Minister of Public Instruction, when he chose M. Ravaissou as the expounder of modern French philosophy, chose a gentleman whose entire sympathies are Idealistic. This subject indirectly leads to the further consideration that neither philosophy, literature, nor art has ever gained much by political patronage. The rough hand of government only crushes the tender intellectual shoots which it strives to nourish. To "academize" literature is to blight it; to assist art by patronage from the throne is to bind it down with "la chaîne dorée du dilettantisme royal." But for the well-known names inscribed on the list of authors engaged upon this series of reports, we should be inclined to be suspicious of the advantage offered by this latest idea of the French Minister. We do not for a moment imagine that these writers would willingly accommodate their essays to the tone of thought and anticipation which the Government might desire to see; but it seems to us quite possible that an unintentional bias—or, at least, a certain constraint—may have been the result of the mere consciousness that these reports were hereafter to be looked upon as a sort of certificate of good character submitted by France to the notice of her neighbours.

Further, it will be granted by every one who has studied the recent progress of French philosophy, that, since the subsidence of the Eclectic school, the tendency of philosophical speculation has been decidedly materialistic. Of philosophical speculation, we say; for, of late years, religious speculation and religious proselytism have been exceedingly active in France, and have produced a school and literature of their own. In France at present the warfare does not lie so much between philosophic realism and idealism, as between philosophy and religion; and we are inclined to think that M. Ravaissou has hampered and beclouded his sketch of modern French philosophy by enlisting on the idealistic side a large number of writers whose sphere is properly theology. If an idealist, for example, were to write a history of modern English philosophy, he might deplore what he would probably call the materialistic errors of Mill, Spencer, Bain, Lewes, Bailly, Congreve, and others; but we should not consider him warranted in ranging on the other side, as authorities, the professional opinions held by a lot of bishops. Granting, however, that the most important of modern French philosophical writers, and the general philosophic tone of the age, have been more or less imbued with Sensationalism, one arrives at the question whether it was advisable that the task of describing this change and its results should have been intrusted to a gentleman of an opposite faith. There is much to be said on both sides. It is highly important to us to know the weak points of materialism, and to know accurately those limits beyond which, according to its opponents, it ceases to give us a reasonable explanation of certain facts. If it can be proved that Sensationalism, as a system or method, fails to include this or that biological phenomenon, by all means let the discovery be proclaimed from the housetops. M. Ravaissou, for instance, says (we offer a hasty and possibly imperfect translation), "The doctrines of Positivism or of exclusive Empiricism think to explain the formation of the facts of our knowledge and memory by accumulated individual sensations; they forget the intellectual action which, after having composed such and such a perception out of elements appre-

ciable to the senses (*éléments sensibles*), form groups of several perceptions—combinations of which the different parts, in following each other, recall each other." If it can be shown that Materialism or Sensationalism is so imperfect that it must ignore any well-attested intellectual phenomena (which a materialist would probably, and with some little amazement, deny), we ought to have its weakness in that respect investigated and published. Now, if we consider that the proper place for such an investigation is a professedly informing history like the present, we shall not quarrel with the decision which appointed M. Ravaissou to be the editor of the work. But if we consider that it might have been of more advantage to have the ruling spirit of French philosophy utter itself by one of its own mouthpieces—if we are inclined to wish that some noted materialist had been permitted to express his own and his companions' views on the rise and progress of the method or system which they advocate, we may look upon the present opportunity as having been thrown away. However, there were reasons, as we have already hinted, why a professor of that form of philosophy which denies authority, and gives birth to all manner of radicalisms and socialism, should not have been employed; and we must add that M. Ravaissou displays a surprising amount of liberality throughout the pages of this somewhat remarkable volume.

M. Ravaissou, after a passing reference to the philosophic tenets of the ancients, enters into an elaborate description of the rise of the Eclectic school in France, following the scepticism of the last century. The careful and respectful way in which he describes the disquisition of this now forgotten or despised body of theatrical thinkers on the good, the beautiful, and the true, augurs well for his patience and impartiality in more important spheres. It is only occasionally, indeed, that we get a glimpse of M. Ravaissou at all, so occupied is he in fairly representing the men of whom he treats. Speaking of Jean Reynaud, however, and complaining that Reynaud, by assimilating his notion of heaven to the present earth, had nearly suppressed heaven altogether, he gives us his own idea of heaven (if that can be called an idea which is merely the reflection of a series of negatives):—"What we have always understood by heaven, in treating of a future life, whether we were able or not to give a quite clear account of it, is not such and such a place more or less distant from that which we occupy, but a life exempt from the miseries of this life here below, a life altogether different from our life of phenomena and of movement." The reader may be disposed to ask how a thing which has no predicate can be said to exist at all. Then we come to the great Positivist movement, when men began to despair of the interminable fighting with shadows of metaphysics. Having had to devote a large portion of space, in considering the previous era, to the speculations of the Scotch school, which yielded so much assistance to the contemporary metaphysicians of France, M. Ravaissou now returns to England, and pursues Positivism as it is represented here. The effort to found a positive psychology, on the part of the English Positivists, he considers as not only throwing out of the question the metaphysical entities against which Hume had waged war, but as throwing out along with these "le sujet pensant, l'âme." Later, however, he gleams some consolation from the fact that Mr. Herbert Spencer admits the possibility of an absolute by which our conceptions of the relative are determined, and calls this absolute the "Unknowable." But M. Ravaissou regards this confession of the possibility of an absolute as a great step; and leads up, in rather an amusing way, from Herbert Spencer to Sophia Germain. Indeed, we shall be curious to know what Mr. Spencer will say (if he takes the trouble to say anything) to the following ingenious passage:—"We have seen that Mr. Herbert Spencer, while declaring openly the great maxim of Positivism, that we know nothing but what is relative, admits, beyond that relative, some absolute existence of which we have, if not a true knowledge, at least an obscure conception: an idea by which he reverts, almost, to the system of the Scotch school, of Kant, of the Eclectics." Passing from the Positivists, M. Ravaissou gives a description of most of the works which have been published lately on philosophic questions, including such kindred subjects as phrenology (which, he observes, has been entirely demolished by scientific experiment, and has not a serious word to say for itself), physiology, and so forth. He also indulges in a little anticipation; and is of opinion that a new philosophic movement is in progress. Of the bases of the new belief M. Ravaissou, who is apparently himself a disciple, gives us rather a hazy notion; but we gather that they will be founded on a sort of "spiritual realism or positivism, having for its generating principle the knowledge which the spirit has in itself of an existence whence all other existence is derived,

\* La Philosophie en France au XIX<sup>e</sup>. Siècle. Par Felix Ravaissou, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: A l'Imprimerie Impériale, Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie.



and upon which such existence depends, and which is nothing but its own action." M. Ravaisson is the master of a clear and flowing style, and uses technical terminology as sparingly as is possible in such a work. The volume is one which is likely to attract much attention; and we can only regret, in parting from it, that M. Ravaisson should have lessened its value by omitting to add an index.

IRELAND.\*  
(SECOND NOTICE.)

In the second volume of this work we find Mr. Senior putting leading questions to Irish agents, by which he often elicited replies which fitted with his own peculiar theories. For instance, his conversations with Mr. Trench are eminently characteristic. The famine is regarded as a useful dispensation of Providence, by which an excessive rate of population was checked. Both Mr. Trench and Mr. Senior appear to agree that the charitable interference of England was an indulgence in a sentimental luxury which had better been pretermitted. In fact, the former says that we only prolonged the tortures of the starving people, and that "many, too, remained to die who, if they had not relied on Government, would have fled from the country." With every respect for Mr. Trench, we do not think it a creditable process for a ruling country to permit a decimation of a province by starvation, in order that the laws of political economy should assert themselves. This is carrying a good principle too far. It is impossible to regard human beings as so much lumber, and the moment you consider them as our own "flesh and blood," a margin will be found for the play and purposes of a charity which is in fact an obligation. The hardest of all living thinkers and the most rigid adherent to principles is Mr. Mill, and yet no man has found more room for what might be termed the sentimental treatment of the Irish peasantry. He arrives at quite a different conclusion from Mr. Trench or Mr. Senior, although all start from the same point.

Mr. Senior continues to diversify and enliven his disquisitions and notes with a record of the various scenes and places through which he passed in his tour. He observes the proportions of Queenstown harbour, in which not more than 100 ships were lying, although he says there is room for 10,000. Cork was placarded with announcements of the sailing of emigrant ships. From Cork Mr. Senior travelled on the Great Southern and Western line to Mr. Trench's, at Cardtown, in Queen's County. This gentleman made a profitable thing out of farming by studying, as he terms it, the people and the country:—

"When I began to reclaim my mountain-farm, I employed 100 men, at wages varying from 8d. to 1s. a day, the average being 10d., and the weekly expenditure £25. After this had gone on for about three months, my clerk wrote to me in Tipperary, where I was staying on business, that the men had struck, and demanded that the minimum payment should be 1s. 2d. a day, and that the wages of the better men should be raised in proportion. We were in a critical period of the work, and my clerk thought the matter serious.

"In my answer I said to him, 'I am ready to accede to the men's demands. I am willing to give a minimum price of 1s. 2d., and a maximum price of 3s. a day. Of course, at that rate of wages, I cannot continue my present expenditure. You will reduce it to £12. 10s. a week. You will select the best men, beginning by the highest wages. In this matter you will follow out, not your own opinion, but my instructions, and you will read this letter to the men.'

"The men assembled next day to hear my answer. It was read to them, and highly approved of. My clerk then said:—

"Now, boys, I must choose my men," and he began by selecting a dozen of the best. "And what wages must you have?" he asked.

"Oh," they said, "we'll take the top price—the 3s."

"Very well," he answered; "18s. a week for twelve men makes £8. 8s. a week; there is only £4. 2s. left of the £12. 10s., at that rate I can only have four more; then there will remain 10s. for one other. I can therefore take seventeen of you; the remaining eighty-three may go."

"This did not suit the eighty-three. They began to talk together in knots, to abuse the greediness of those who had demanded 3s., to threaten to break their heads—first, if they took more than 1s. 6d., then if they took more than their minimum of 1s. 2d.; and at last, finding that, even at that price, more than half of them would be thrown out of employ, they broke up their combination, and returned to work at the old prices. "The master," they said, "is too many for us."

"From that time I had no difficulty with these men; and though I have once or twice afterwards been assailed by combinations, they have never given me any trouble. They are always unjust to some classes of the men, and may always be dissolved by turning against them the influence of the oppressed class. I think that I could have managed the Amalgamated Engineers."

\* Journals, Conversations, and Essays relating to Ireland. By Nassau William Senior. Two vols. London: Longmans.

Close by the Queen's County was Tipperary, in which landlords and agents had been shot season after season. Mr. Trench attributed the quietude and good order of his own locality to the paucity of the people on it. If this idea inclosed his notion of prosperity, a total desert would be the happiest place for him to reside in. He gave, as a further reason for the squabbling and riots of Tipperary, that the place was infested with descendants of the old Cromwellians, who fought with the people through sheer fanaticism and bigotry and provoked the latter to reprisals. Mr. Senior gives an interesting account of a visit to Birr Castle and Lord Rosse's famous telescope. Lord Rosse furnishes a good deal of material for Mr. Senior's work. He says of the priests (this is in 1852), "the emigration deprives the priests of income as well as of power, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act has driven them mad. It was strange conduct in the Government to attack them with insults and penalties immediately after the new Irish Reform Act, by giving the franchise to the petty occupiers, had put the representation into the hands of the priests." The Irish constabulary his lordship considered were harshly treated, inasmuch as they could not get drunk even when off duty with impunity. They had a clear night at the telescope:—

"Saturday, October 2.—This has been by far our best night. The air has been unusually clear and still, and the sky cloudless. We could apply to the 26-feet telescope a magnifying power of above 400. The edge of the moon, thus seen, presented a sharply-defined jagged outline, like that of a rocky coast, eaten into deep bays, and fringed with bright islands and points of light, which, as she kept rapidly turning away from the sun, was swallowed up in a sea of blue, so deep that it was almost black.

"Having no atmosphere, she has no twilight; every portion of her surface, as it loses the sun, sinks instantly into utter darkness. The higher table-lands and peaks of mountains retain the light after it has quitted the plains, and this produces the bright islands and points. Months may pass, I was told, before she is again so clearly visible. We then turned the telescope on a star of the first magnitude—Alpha Lyrae. It looked like a volcano of blue and white light.

"We talked of the fixed stars. Lord Rosse is inclined to think it probable that, in general, they do not differ very materially in their nature from our sun. Alpha Centauri, in the southern hemisphere—which is probably the nearest to us, about twenty millions of millions of miles distant—is a double star of about equal volume with our sun, and giving about equal light.

"Adams thinks that there is among them great dissimilarity; that some may be many thousand times as large as others, and may give many thousand times as much light. Many of the brightest are among the most distant. Sirius, for instance, is perhaps a thousand times farther off than Alpha Centauri, and yet gives a hundred times as much light."

Lord Rosse made some sound and sensible observations when Mr. Senior put the pertinent query to him as to what he would do if he were Minister and had a fair working majority, "so as to be able to carry any measures not absolutely irreconcilable with the prejudices of the English people." He said he would first endeavour to remove the most mischievous of all prejudices, "that Ireland can prosper under English institutions without supplemental measures to render the laws and institutions really equivalent to those of England." We think, in the subsequent opinion expressed on the stipendiary magistrates, that Lord Rosse was a little unjust. They are not, indeed, men of brilliant parts, but on the whole they perform their duties with zeal and impartiality. We quite agree with him that most of the stipendiary appointments, if not all, should be given to the officers of the constabulary. These officials have constant opportunities of knowing the people, and learn enough of law at sessions and assizes which they are obliged to attend to do their business, which seldom would demand from them a peremptory exercise of judicial power. As it is, the police require to be represented by some respectable civil officer. Under Sir Duncan M'Gregor they have become a nondescript body, neither civil nor military. Here, however, is a very mischievous proposition for Lord Rosse to make.

"I would endeavour to extend the field of summary convictions; juries are fit only for countries in which the people are the friends of the law. In Ireland it is difficult to find a jury that dares, or even wishes, to do its duty. Where juries must be retained, I would adopt the Scotch plan, and make them decide by a majority; and make it penal to reveal how each jurymen voted. Among the mischiefs of requiring a unanimous verdict is its publicity."

This presupposes an amount of inherent detestation of the law which certainly does not exist in Ireland. The late Fenian trials where Roman Catholic jurors fearlessly gave verdicts against the prisoners disprove the statement contained in the sentence we have quoted, and show that it would be unfair and unjust to disfranchise Irishmen in this respect, and deprive them of a privilege which now at least they cannot be said to abuse.

In 1862 Mr. Senior went on a visit to the Archbishop of



Dublin (Dr. Whately). That shrewd old gentleman contributes many pointed and true opinions on the condition of Ireland. With reference to the lord-lieutenancy, he remarked that the office did harm, as keeping up in the people's mind the idea of a separate kingdom, and presenting an "image of majesty so faint and feeble as to be laughed at or scorned." These things would not occur if the Lord-Lieutenant were acquainted with his business; but as the post is temporary, he is nearly always removed before he is in a position to know anything of the country. Upon a widely different subject his Grace spoke as follows:—

"The Americans," said the Archbishop, "have observed in their forests a sort of rotation of crops. If a forest of oak is destroyed, it is succeeded by one of beech; pines are followed by poplars. So it is in the human mind; Romanism is often followed by infidelity. A man bred a Roman Catholic seems to consider the existence of an infallible interpreter as necessarily implied by a revelation. Theological history proves to him that there is no such interpreter, and he logically infers that there has been no revelation. Unitarianism also is often so followed. The Unitarian cannot reconcile Scripture with the humanity of our Saviour; therefore he gives up Scripture. Romanists, again, if they abandon Justification by Works, often fall into the contrary extreme of Antinomianism. So I can easily fancy a believer in verbal inspiration to sink gradually into a disbelief of any inspiration whatever.

"Those among the authors of the 'Essays and Reviews,' who adhere to the Church, have much to answer for. They have given the sanction of their names, or at least of their company, to the holders of doctrines which are not those of the Church of England. A man who writes in a review, or a magazine, resembles a traveller who dines at a *table-d'hôte*. He does not know, he cannot know, whom he will have for his companions. But a man who contributes to a volume of essays, is like a man who joins a picnic party. He may know, and (if he is not grossly imprudent) he does know, who are to be his colleagues. There are names among the authors of the 'Essays and Reviews' that ought to have put any Churchman on his guard.

"They have been defended as well-meaning. I am much of the opinion of a naval officer, who said that the service would never be in a good state until all the well-meaning people in it were shot. Well-meaning is the excuse for ill-doing.

"Such people are said to be 'good at bottom.' A friend of mine, riding in a Devonshire lane, came to a suspicious-looking place. He asked a passer-by if there was a good bottom.

"Oh, yes," said the man, "a very good bottom."

"So he went on, and sank in a bog up to his girths. 'Why, you rascal!' he cried, 'you told me that there was a good bottom?'"

"So there be," said the countryman, "a very good hard bottom, but you b'ant half come to it yet!"

We might go on quoting for pages this portion of Mr. Senior's book. His conversations with Dr. Whately, or rather Dr. Whately's discourses on everything with him, are jotted down with a taste and fidelity worthy of Boswell himself. Mr. Senior relates a dialogue with some Trinity College professors on the endowment by the State of the Roman Catholic clergy, which inclined in favour of an income to those gentlemen. Some one remarked in the presence of the Archbishop that they were asked if they would accept an endowment, and that they answered in the negative. "Of course they did," said the Archbishop; "if I were to go into a ball-room and say, 'Let every young lady who wishes for a husband hold up her hand,' how many hands would be held up?" He then continued that a portion of the National Debt might be vested in commissioners to be given to the parish priests. "Let each priest know the dividend to which he is entitled, and how he is to draw for it, and protect him in its enjoyment from the arbitrary tyranny of his bishop—and you will no more find him bound by his former refusal than one of my young ladies would feel that not holding up her hand had bound her to celibacy." This, he said, would not only be an act of policy but of justice. The taxes are a portion of each man's income which the State takes from him in order to do something or other for him in a better manner than he could do it for himself. Amongst the most important is the maintenance of religion and religious education. This service the State does *not* render to the Roman Catholics, and so far it defrauds them. With reference to the ministers of Protestant Dissenters, the Archbishop remarked that such sects as were founded on the principle that the State ought not to interfere in matters of religion could scarce expect support from the State. "The Unitarians are perhaps the only sect besides the Roman Catholics who differ from us in doctrine so fundamentally as to require ministers of their own. They are few, they are rich, they ask for no aid. If they did ask for it, I do not see how it could be justly refused." A Mr. K——, with whom Mr. Senior came in contact, explained to him the custom of tenant right, and mentioned that amongst its disadvantages was the trouble of apportioning it among the parties who have equitable claims on the privilege. Mr. K—— was frequently engaged for days, assisted by his agent, seeing that justice was

done to persons who had lent money to the outgoing tenant—to his old parents who had handed him over the farm on his marriage, on condition that they should have a freedom in it,—to shopkeepers and labourers to whom he was in debt,—and lastly to his own family, who would in many cases be thrown homeless and helpless on the world unless some provision were made for them out of the sum paid by the incoming tenant—the purchaser, as he is always called, of the farm." This gentleman commented on the unfortunate state of feeling between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and he supplies a curious narrative of the "Revival" movement of 1859.

Mr. Senior's volumes will be read for the instruction to be extracted from them on Irish topics, but they must be read and sifted carefully. There is scarcely a "view" of an Irish question that is not presented from every stand-point, and the political student must use his own judgment in weighing the evidence as to where the truth inclines. A land agent with Malthusian crotchets may lead us astray quite as much as a vehement patriot who advocates the unlimited propagation of patriots. Mr. Senior's journal, however, gives intermediate opinions, and in fact is a great collection of data from which we must derive our own distinctive conclusions. He certainly did his best to understand the people and the country, and he has recorded his experiences with a care and an impartiality which ought to win respect from those who may hold the most diverse opinions on the wrongs and rights of Ireland.

#### ADDISON ON MILTON.\*

Nothing is more common in literary history than for the reputation of an author to decline rapidly and continuously for several years after his death. He may have enjoyed a great name in his lifetime, and have attained the highest summit of popularity; but a comparative oblivion closes over him with the earth that covers his grave. If his popularity was factitious, this oblivion is eternal; but, if his greatness has been real, he is certain to rise once more into the light of fame a generation or two lower down the stream of time. Shakespeare himself was for a period almost forgotten, and Milton was disregarded for thirty or forty years after his death. Indeed, it may be said of the latter that he had no great reputation as a poet even during his life. He appears to have been regarded chiefly as a political and polemical writer, and when, in 1667, he placed the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" in the hands of Simmons, the bookseller, he only obtained for it a present payment of £5, with a contingent interest in two other payments of the same amount, conditional on a sale of 2,600 copies. These further sums Milton obtained, so that the sale of the poem must have been a fair one for those days; yet it does not seem to have attained any great rank. The six editions which were published during twenty years were probably purchased for the most part by what is called "the religious world," and especially by persons who entertained similar views of Church doctrine and government to those of the author. Personal friends of Milton, like Andrew Marvell, and writers of the fine critical sense of Dryden, saw at once the astonishing poetic power of the new epic; but it is nevertheless very certain that neither in the author's own days nor for several years after Milton's decease did "Paradise Lost" attain with the general public, or even with the educated public, the commanding position to which it was entitled. Gerard Langbaine, in his "Account of the English Dramatic Poets" (Oxford, 1691), says, after describing "Samson Agonistes" and "Comus":—"Our author's other pieces in verse are his 'Paradise Lost,' an heroic poem in twelve books. I know not when it was first printed, but there came out not long since a very fair edition in fol. with sculptures, printed Lond. 1689. His 'Paradise Regained,' a poem in four books, is fitted likewise to be bound with it. He published some other poems in Latin and English, printed 8°. Lond. 1645." This is all that a writer on Milton could say of his poems seventeen years after his death! Jeremy Collier, in his "Dictionary," published in 1701, makes no specific allusion to any of the poems in the brief memoir (about a third of a column) which he gives of Milton. He only quotes from Anthony à Wood a passage in which that gossiping writer speaks of Milton as "a person of wonderful parts," and "an excellent poet." But all these writers were bitterly opposed to Milton in politics and religion, and affected to think him a very shocking character; and Collier had so little sympathy with English poetry that in the same work he devotes only seven lines and a half to Shakespeare, and observes of him, as

\* English Reprints. Joseph Addison. Criticism on Milton's *Paradise Lost*. From the *Spectator*. 31 December, 1711—3 May, 1712. Carefully edited by Edward Arber. London: Alexander Murray & Son.



a choice critical remark,—“His genius was jocular, but when disposed he could be very serious.” Unfortunately, however, this kind of criticism, with respect both to Shakespeare and Milton, prevailed through a long term of years.

We really owe not a little to Addison for helping us out of the critical rut. First in the *Tatler*, and then in the *Spectator*, he drew the attention of contemporary readers to the earlier glories of English literature. Dryden, in his numerous and admirable critical prefaces, had in former days shown a fine appreciation of his poetical predecessors; but Dryden's books could hardly be addressed to the large public whom Steele and Addison reached by their cheap and sprightly periodicals. It was certainly the author of “Cato”—not in itself a very favourable specimen of the poetical art—who first inoculated the mass of the reading public with a proper feeling of admiration for the great writers of England. His most ambitious performance in this line was the series of critical essays in the *Spectator* on the “Paradise Lost” of Milton. It was at the close of 1711—ten years after Jeremy Collier's cavalier way of alluding to the great Republican poet—that he announced his intention of devoting a set of papers to an exposition of the leading characteristics of “Paradise Lost.” In No. 262 of the *Spectator*, bearing date Monday, December 31st, 1711, Addison says he “shall from time to time endeavour to do justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out such beauties in their works as may have escaped the observation of others.” He adds:—“As the first place among our English poets is due to Milton, and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular criticism upon his ‘Paradise Lost,’ which I shall publish every Saturday till I have given my thoughts upon that poem.” It will be seen from this that Addison took very high ground in assigning to Milton the first place among English poets; yet he seems to consider some kind of apology necessary for his boldness, for he goes on:—“I shall not, however, presume to impose upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticism is of a very large extent; and every particular master of this art has his favourite passages in an author, which do not equally strike the best judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent writers publish their discoveries on the same subject.” The essays thus cautiously commenced proved to be remarkably successful. The first appeared on Saturday, January 5th, 1712, and it seems to have been designed that the series should be completed in about half a dozen numbers. At the close of the sixth paper (not the fifth, as Mr. Arber states), Addison said that he intended in his next Saturday's paper to conclude his criticisms on Milton. Nothing is hinted in the following essay about an extension of the original project; but the papers went on through several additional numbers, and did not finish until the issue for May 3rd. Having completed his general survey of the poem, Addison went *seriatim* through the whole of the twelve books, pointing out what he considered the most beautiful passages; and it is curious to observe how, with the encouragement which was evidently given to his remarks, he adopted a more confident and less apologetic tone. In summing up the whole course of the criticism in the final paper, he says:—

“I have now finish'd my Observations on a Work which does an Honour to the English Nation. I have taken a general View of it under those four Heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the Subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next place spoken of the Censures which our Author may incur under each of these Heads, which I have confined to two Papers, tho' I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a Subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those Heads among which I have distributed his several Blemishes. After having thus treated at large of ‘Paradise Lost,’ I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to Particulars. I have, therefore, bestowed a Paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to shew [prove] that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular Beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some Passages are beautiful by being Sublime, others by being Soft, others by being Natural; which of them are recommended by the Passion, which by the Moral, which by the Sentiment, and which by the Expression. I have [likewise] endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention, a distant Allusion, or a judicious Imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raised his own Imaginations by the use which he has made of several Poetical Passages in Scripture. I might have inserted [also] several Passages of Tasso, which our Author has likewise imitated; but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such Quotations, as might do

more Honour to the Italian than the English Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable Kinds of Beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this Design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind Reception which it has met with among those whose Judgments I have a Value for, as well as the uncommon Demands which my bookseller tells me has been made for these particular Discourses, give me no Reason to repent of the Pains I have been at in composing them.”

Renewing our acquaintance with these celebrated essays in the reprint by Mr. Arber (which, for a shilling, places the whole production before the reader as a separate work), we do not wonder at the effect which the discourse produced upon the witty, elegant, tasteful, though not very profound, age of Anne. The vehement dislike of Milton as a Republican which, among the dominant classes, set in with the Restoration, had worn itself out; indeed, since the Revolution of 1688, the tendency with large and important sections of the people had been rather in the contrary direction. A public had therefore arisen which was prepared to hear the truth about Milton; and it was a public which affected a taste for all kinds of “polite literature,” as the niminy-piminy phrase then was. Addison addressed this public in precisely the way it was most likely to recognise. It was not a very earnest or impassioned public, and it may be doubted whether Addison was a very earnest or impassioned man. But it was elegant and polished; and, in language full of a superficial grace, which rather coaxes the reader into acquiescence than stimulates him to activity of thought, Addison from week to week besought the town to consider whether it had not been a little unjust to one of the worthies of a past generation. Unquestionably his papers are very charming. The familiarity of the writer with his subject—the unpretentiousness of his tone—his tempered enthusiasm, never rising into fanaticism—the ease and translucency of his style—the pleasant flavour of scholarship without pedantry, conveyed in the frequent comparisons between Milton and the ancient poets—the numerous quotations from the poem, isolating some of the finest passages like separate gems, and the outline which is thus given of the fable of Milton's masterpiece—all these things must have been singularly attractive to the choice, high-bred readers of the *Spectator*, and are even now very agreeable to look back upon. But the criticism is not profound. To readers of the present day, accustomed to the masterpieces of literary analysis which the last fifty or sixty years have produced, or even to the best writing of the daily or weekly press, these comments on Milton have a somewhat thin and meagre character. It was to Addison's credit that he should have seen so rightly as he did: it was not to be expected, considering the character of the age, that he should have seen more deeply. The criticism is that of the schools; the writer cannot get beyond what he has learnt at college concerning Homer and Virgil, and the rules of art laid down by Aristotle and Horace. The phraseology is often mincing and superfine: we see the grand gentleman at work, and smell the odour of the pouncet-box. It is impossible not to perceive that such criticism is in many respects inferior, not only to that of the present century, but even to the burly, astute, though often most defective, literary writings of Johnson—albeit that, on the particular subject of Milton, Addison saw more clearly than his bigoted successor. There was finer criticism in the age preceding Addison than that with which the *Spectator* favoured its readers. Dryden had more grasp and energy of thought, and far more vigour of style, than the peruked gentleman who amused the coffee-houses and the ladies' tea-tables in the butterfly days of Anne; yet the work which the latter did was good and honest work, and we ought to be grateful for it. Addison's faults belonged partly to his time, and partly to himself. The time was not deeply moved about anything, and had it been capable of being roused, Addison was not the man to rouse it. His perceptions were delicate rather than strong, and a certain besetting conventionality in his ideas on religion and morals—a conventionality like that of a parish beadle and a Sunday-school teacher combined—dwarfed his intellect on subjects where it is especially important that the literary man should maintain a stature beyond the accepted standards of worthy but humdrum people. For this reason, Addison is always at his best in the humorous delineation of manners, where he is unable to preach. Here he is purely exquisite; but let him begin writing seriously, and he takes Religion and Virtue under his protection in such an official style that we feel sometimes inclined to ask him why he considers himself to have such a special property in those entities, and whether he does not think they can take care of themselves. His discovery, for instance, that the “moral” of



"Paradise Lost" is "that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable," is delivered with all the solemnity of a pedagogue instructing his pupils the way that they should go if they desire to escape the gallows, and to enjoy a reasonable chance of dying aldermen. Yet, whatever we may say by way of drawback, these essays on Milton did a service in their time, and are worthy of remembrance in our own.

Mr. Arber has taken his text from the first edition of the *Spectator* (folio), including between brackets the alterations which Addison introduced into subsequent editions. The reprint is in the old style, and is very well done.

#### THE RITES AND CUSTOMS OF THE GRECO-RUSSIAN CHURCH.\*

MISS YONGE has done good service in introducing to English readers this pleasant little volume, which no one desirous of information about the social and ecclesiastical condition of Russia should fail to read. We must say that the title given to Madame Romanoff's work gives a very inadequate conception of the contents and merits of these "Sketches." Instead of being, as might be supposed, a dry manual of the ceremonial observances in the Orthodox Church that would delight none but a Ritualist's heart, the volume before us contains, in the shortest compass, the best delineation of Russian life in general which we have ever met with. And the picture is no less faithful than attractive. Its author is a lady; and for description of dress, manners, society, the workings of religion, the details of domestic life, the female pen in the hands of so cultivated a lady as Madame Romanoff has no slight advantage over authors of the opposite sex. Then, again, the writer is an Englishwoman, the wife of a Russian officer, stationed in a remote province not denationalized by proximity to fashionable capitals, and offering no attractions even to the few tourists who visit Russia. There are sufficient points of likeness between Englishmen and Russians naturally to enable them heartily to appreciate one another; and, in the present case, intermarriage, combined with long residence in the country, has opened to our authoress sources of experience and information wholly beyond the reach of book-meditating tourists, who are seldom so fanciful and incorrect as when they attempt to delineate manners or pierce the mysteries of family and religious life as these are seen out of the great cities. One other special charm of these sketches lies in what we may term their *concrete* shape, many of them being interwoven with true stories of middle-class and clerical life, some very touching, and all seeming to add a reality and picturesqueness to the various customs and ceremonies of a half-European, half-Oriental civilization.

The first of these tales, entitled "Roman, the Reader" (an unordained officer of the Church preparing for the diaconate), gives an admirable picture of the social and domestic condition of the Greco-Russian clergy. Similar as the Eastern and Western Churches are in doctrine, liturgy, and to a great extent in ceremonial, it is difficult to exaggerate the contrast between them as to the position and mode of life of the priests. The compulsory marriage of the latter, characteristic of the Orthodox Church, not only knits them more closely to the people by the bond of family life and its associations, but gives to the entire body a *status* and dignity seldom, if ever, enjoyed by the Romish clergy in their isolation from the masses among whom they minister. That the female element in the household of the Russian Church is always operative for good is more than can be affirmed. It will hardly be credited that up to last year the system of procuring a vacant living by marrying the daughter of the deceased priest, the archbishop all the while sanctioning, and even encouraging, the transaction, prevailed in full force. Every bride in the diocese appears to be known to the Consistory, and "daughter-logged" mothers have no scruple in petitioning the Vladika to find clerical bridegrooms and suitable places for their girls. It might have been supposed that the tendency of a married priesthood would have been unfavourable to the creation of a clerical "caste," the daughters marrying into lay families and *vice versa*, as is the case in Protestant countries. But in Russia the result seems to be the other way. Without being in the least degree alienated from the body of the people, the noble pride in their profession cherished by the priests creates an unwillingness in clerical parents to see their sons follow a lay profession, or their daughters married to any but ordained suitors. A priest's son is brought up from his cradle with the prospect of the sacerdotal

calling, and the heads of the Church manifest their disapprobation at the young man's diversion to any secular pursuit. It appears, however, that there has arisen of late in "young Russia" an indisposition to acquiesce in the hereditary system; but in a country so conservative in temper—in which, moreover, clerical influence pervades every rank of society—it will be long before a practice, which is not without some highly beneficial results, will be allowed to give way to the spirit of modern freedom and self-assertion. There are also economical reasons for the preservation of the existing system, as the following conversation shows:—

"But if they really do not wish to be priests or choristers, why do you force them? What can I do with them? They are educated gratis at the seminary; a priest's son is seldom admitted into military or special academies and colleges, unless, indeed, he pays for them himself; and where are we to get money to educate six boys to be officers? And if he chooses to finish the course at the ecclesiastical seminary, and not enter the Church, but become a layman, still he must serve three or four years, according to the degree he has taken, before he gets civil or military rank. No! it is far better for a priest's son to tread in his father's steps"—(p. 146).

To give our readers any idea of the exaggerated ceremonialism of the Greek Church is beyond our power, though Madame Romanoff deserves the highest credit for the extreme minuteness and picturesqueness of detail with which she sets before us the various services and rites. Religion enters into almost every act of a Russian's existence, and some complicated ceremony or other is the outward expression of every pious instinct and purpose. It begins with the first hours of life. Within twenty-four hours of a child's birth a priest is sent for to give it a name and pray for it. At its christening (which, curiously enough, among the higher families is for the most part performed at home in the church-font brought for the occasion) no less than four distinct ceremonies are gone through—renunciation and confession, the actual baptism by triple immersion, unction, and cutting off the hair under the idea of an infant offering sacrifice, to say nothing of sundry smaller rites, as "exorcism," "washing," "blowing," &c. The Russian babies must, we are sure, be of a strong muscular type to stand all these; as it is, the godfathers receive the little Christians from the priest "gasping for breath," and, in a few cases, our authoress informs us, "the little innocents have been known to be drowned at the very moment they were made Christians." Under the circumstances, it strikes us as a wholesome, though very extraordinary rule, that the parents are never allowed to be present during the baptismal ceremony, as they are supposed for the time being to give over their child entirely to the sponsors. To our English matter-of-fact, anti-symbolical temperaments many of these ceremonies may appear grotesque and superstitious; but we must acknowledge that, as described by the writer of this work, they have a heartiness and significance, a simplicity and directness, about them which form a pleasing contrast to the theatrical attitudinizing pageantry and dumb show of many portions of the Romish ceremonial. To illustrate what we mean, we take the description of some rites performed in the consecration of a new church:—

"The priests put on a long apron of white calico, and long, wide sleeves, to protect their canonicals from injury. . . . Then they begin to wash the throne, sprinkling it plentifully with holy water and rubbing it with soap and sponges. Not a fibre of the wood is left unwashed; within, without, underneath, and round about, they rub, splash, and wipe dry. After this four large nails are driven into the corners with stones, thus fastening the thick top of the table to its legs; and the holes made for the heads of the nails are filled up with a mixture of wax, mastic, incense, and powdered marble, melted together. This is in remembrance of the spices and ointments that the holy women prepared for the body of Jesus."

Other ceremonies of a similar nature follow, the whole service occupying six hours (!) and only resembling English practice in being followed by a "handsome dinner."

Many curious facts of Russian civilization are incidentally noticed in this volume, of which we can only find room for a few. As most people believe "lady-doctors" to be an American contribution to modern society, it is remarkable to find that for years they have practised in Russia, being educated in establishments at Moscow or St. Petersburg, where they hear lectures and receive diplomas. They are provided by Government for every town of importance, and where they are employed, medical men are rarely, if ever, called in for cases of confinement, the result being that fatal consequences are of far less frequent occurrence in Russia than in England, a fact that will inspire confidence—if she needs it—in the heart of Dr. Mary Walker, and her enterprising co-practitioners in England. While we are on medical matters, we may observe that the same repugnance to comply with the law of vaccination exists in Russia which prevails among our poorer

\* Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church. By H. C. Romanoff. With Introduction by the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.



classes. They consider it impious, daring to dispute God's will, and so forth, while one peasant woman remarked, evidently with wholly unconscious humour, that "Anyhow, it is the mark of the Beast!" Those who, in the spirit of the last century, are in the habit of representing to themselves the Russians as a set of dirty savages, always drinking train-oil, will be taught by our authoress that the latter they rarely touch, and that incessant washings and cleanings form the most important items in their domestic economy. We sometimes fancy that Madame Romanoff paints in rose-colour the land of her adoption; if this be not so she would do a great service by informing us of that mysterious process of Russian education by which school-lads are invariably turned out perfect little gentlemen, "a rude boy being next to unknown in Russia." We wish we could extract for our readers some of the more interesting details respecting the Princess Dagmar's unction and admission to the Greco-Russian Church, so illustrative are they of many features in the social life and religious feeling of the country; but we trust that enough has been said to invite a careful perusal of Madame Romanoff's entertaining pages. In the growing desire for a more united Christendom the minds of many excellent men are being drawn towards the various branches of the Eastern Church, and this sympathy is likely to be illuminated and increased by such kindly descriptions of the zeal, efficiency, and devotion which characterize one important branch of that communion. We conclude by noticing two deficiencies in our authoress's volume, which in her next edition she will do well to supply—a more frequent explanation of Russian phrases and terms, and a sketch of the monastic element in the Russo-Greek Church, without which even the best picture of that communion must be pronounced imperfect.

#### PULPIT TABLE-TALK.\*

DEAN RAMSAY has made himself so famous by his collection of Scottish anecdotes that no one will hear that he has put his name to a volume of "Pulpit Table-talk, containing Remarks and Anecdotes on Preachers and Preaching," without desiring to meet an old friend upon new ground. For our own part, from the moment we opened this book we did not lay it down until we had finished it. The author has the power of stringing together a variety of facts between which there is no intimate connection, with a tact which conceals their incongruity, and that the writer's main purpose is to make a book of them. In saying this, we by no means wish to call the Dean a book-maker; nothing of the kind. His Scotch anecdotes give a striking and true picture of the Scottish people. And when he has had as much time to digest the subject of "Pulpit Table-talk" as he had to digest the matter of his former book, we may expect from him a work of equal merit. The volume before us contains the matter of two lectures which Dean Ramsay delivered in 1866 before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. It has nothing to do with religious doctrine, but purposes only to take note of some of the peculiarities of preachers from the era immediately following that of the Apostles down to the preaching of Chalmers and Irving. The subject is so large, and Dean Ramsay's canvas so small, that we are surprised he has been able to produce a picture on the whole so striking. No doubt it has defects. This is a necessary result of his plan. To gossip on such a subject is no easy task. Of necessity there would grow out of it a want of harmony and proportion. To pick up a small joke, and place it harmoniously, almost in juxtaposition, with the eloquence of some great Christian orator, is a feat not only difficult but impossible. But Dean Ramsay, by the power of sympathy, does as much as can be done to "ease off" the abruptness of the contrast. Indeed, his breadth of sympathy is one of the most noticeable features of his book. Though a thorough Scotchman, glorying in his race, he can feel the power, the wit, the genius, the tenderness of that which is not Scottish as keenly as of that which is. This is not to be accounted for by the fact that his mind has been enlarged by his education as a clergyman of the Church of England, or of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, which comes to the same thing. It would be illiberal to suppose that Scotchmen require such qualifications to enable them to appreciate what lies beyond the narrow limit of their own nationality, and it would be unjust to Dean Ramsay to deny him a wideness of sympathy which denotes the best qualities of head and heart. He writes with as much warmth of the eloquence of Lacordaire as of his own great countrymen Chalmers and Irving. This candour is in no part of his book so

striking as when he speaks of preachers whose religious opinions may be supposed to be the most opposite to his own. For example, of mediæval preaching he admits that he shared the common belief that it was a mass of ignorance, superstition, and error, until he read "Neale's Mediæval Sermons," when he found that a great deal of it is "searching, scriptural, and faithful." "Need we wonder," he asks, "at finding in the mediæval pulpit *something* beautiful and complete when we remember that to those ages we are indebted for our glorious Gothic architecture? What more perfect, more beautiful in itself, than Gothic architecture? that is, from the reign of William the Conqueror to the reign of Henry VII. As the dark ages closed it declined, and at the Reformation had become quite debased." In examining the mediæval sermons, the Dean was struck by the abundance of reference to Scripture. "Take as an example (and not an exceptional one) the sermons of Guarrie of Igniac; they are *imbued* with Scripture. Indeed, Dr. Neale, whose work on mediæval preaching I have referred to, makes a curious comparison between Guarrie and John Newton on this very point of Scripture reference. He selects John Newton as a type of the modern evangelical class of preachers. He compares two sermons on the same subject and the same text, "Prepare ye the Way of the Lord"—one by Newton and one by Guarrie. In Newton's sermon he finds nine references to the Gospels, two to the Epistles, nine to the prophets, one to the Psalms, while no mention is made to (*sic*) any other part of Holy Scripture. In the sermon of Guarrie he finds seven references to the Gospels, one to the Epistles, twenty-two to the Psalms, nine to the prophets, and eighteen to other parts of Scripture. Thus, the total number of quotations made by the evangelical preacher is twenty-one, by Guarrie fifty-seven, and this in sermons of nearly equal length." We confess we were not prepared for such a statement. The practical application of the Scripture, moreover, in these mediæval sermons is worthy of note. From a book lately published, to which he refers his readers, entitled "Spiritual Voices from the Middle Ages"—a collection of short extracts from mediæval authors—Dean Ramsay gives the following from a sermon entitled "Crosses and Sufferings," preached by Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, in 1185, when he was 70 years of age, as a fair specimen of the general run of the whole volume, and "a happy application of a Scriptural metaphor":—

"The love of the world in its commencement is secret, but in the end bitter; the love of God at first appears bitter, but in the end it becomes sweet. This is proved to us in a remarkable manner by the Evangelist's account of the marriage feast at Cana, where it is said, 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.' The natural man first imbibes the good wine—that is to say, he is dazzled by the deceitful sweetness of earthly pleasures; when these false desires have made him drunken, then must he drink the bad—conscience and its sting approaches. But Jesus keeps the good wine until the end. Will He satisfy a soul with His love, He first permits it to undergo sorrow and suffering, that the gracious draught may be so much the more refreshing and the sweeter."

Dean Ramsay quotes from another mediæval preacher, Peter of Blois, Archdeacon of London, the following passage from his charge to the clergy:—

"Oh, how awful, how perilous a thing, my brethren, is the administration of your office! because ye shall have to answer, not only for your own souls, but for the souls committed to your charge when the day of tremendous judgment shall come! And how shall he keep another man's conscience whose own is not kept? Oh! there is a fire kindled in the fury of the Lord, and it shall burn even to the nethermost hell. A place is appointed for him with everlasting burnings; the worm is prepared which dieth not; smoke, vapour, and the vehemence of storms—horror and a deep shade—the weight of chains of repentance that bind, that burn, and that consume not! From which may that Fire deliver us who consumes not but consummates; which devours not but enlightens every man that cometh into the world! May He illuminate us to give the knowledge of Salvation unto His people, who liveth and reigneth even with the Father and the Holy Ghost, God to all ages of ages."

Dean Ramsay is happy in selecting such passages as best illustrate the distinctive style of a preacher. What can be more characteristic of Lacordaire's preaching than the following expansion of our Lord's commission to his Apostles?—"Go teach all nations. Fear neither the difficulties of foreign tongues, nor the differences of manners, nor the power of secular Governments. Consult not the course of rivers, nor the direction of mountain ranges: go straight on. Go as the thunder of Him who sends you—as the *Creative Word* went which carried life into Chaos—as the eagles go, and the angels." Or take the following passage from one of Chalmers' sermons preached for the benefit of a society in aid of orphan children

\* Pulpit Table-Talk. By Edward B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.



of clergymen. He is describing the sons and daughters of a Scottish pastor obliged, at their father's death, to leave the peacefulness of his dwelling:—"With quietness on all the hills, and with every field glowing in the pride and luxury of vegetation, when summer was throwing its rich garment over this goodly scene of magnificence and glory, they think, in the bitterness of their souls, that this is the last summer which they shall ever witness smiling on the scene which all the ties of habit and affection have endeared to them; and when this thought, melancholy as it is, is lost and over-borne in the far darker melancholy of a father torn from their embrace, and a helpless family left to find their way, unprotected and alone, through the lowering futurity of this earthly pilgrimage." Again, here is a grand passage from a charity sermon preached by Irving:—

"And here a fancy cometh upon my brain which I dare hardly utter, lest it overwhelm the feeling of this assembly, and unman myself into unbecoming weeping. I fancy in some sad abode of this city, some unvisited pallet of straw, a man, a Christian man, pining, perishing without an attendant, looking his last upon nakedness and misery, feeling his last in the pangs of hunger and thirst. The righteous spirit of the man being disembodied, I fancy it to myself, arising to heaven encircled by an attendance of celestial spirits, daughters of mercy, who waited upon his soul when mankind deserted his body. This attended spirit I fancy rising to the habitation of God, and reporting in the righteous ear of the governor of the earth how it fared with him amidst all the extravagance and outlay of this city. And, saith the indignant governor of men, 'They had not a morsel of bread, nor a drop of water, to bestow upon My saint. Who of My angels will go for Me when I shall send? Go, thou angel of famine; break the growing ear with thy wing, and let mildew feed upon their meal. Go, thou angel of the plague, and shake thy wings once more over the devoted city. Go, thou angel of fire, and consume all the neighbourhood where My saint suffered unheeded and unpitied. Burn it, and let its flame not quench till their pavilions are a heap of smouldering ashes.'"

We should have been glad if Dean Ramsay had given us more such extracts, as we could well have spared some of the lighter contributions to his volume. Nevertheless, the latter are well chosen, as might be expected when we consider who is our caterer. Speaking of dull sermons, and recalling Sydney Smith's profane witticism—"Sir, in a sermon the sin against the Holy Ghost is dulness,"—he gives some good anecdotes touching one of the results of this not uncommon sin—sleeping in church. Here is one from the Borders. "An old clergyman who had got a strong-lunged helper observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to the house, but the gudeman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now. 'Oh, indeed, minister,' she replied, without the least hesitation, 'that young man ye've got roars sae loud that John canna sleep sae comfortable as he did when preachin' yersel sae peaceably.' It is told of John Wesley that when he observed some of his congregation asleep, he stopped in his discourse, and shouted "Fire! Fire!" The people were alarmed, and some cried out, "Where, sir, where?" To which Wesley earnestly and solemnly replied, "In hell, for those who sleep *under the preaching of the Word*." Gentler means were resorted to by a Scotch clergyman, who, preaching at Kettle, in Fife, one warm Sunday, was annoyed to find that many of the congregation were nodding and sleeping in their pews. Presently he introduced the word "hyperbolic" into his sermon, and, after a pause, said: "Now, my friends, some of you may not understand this word 'hyperbolic.' I'll explain it. Suppose that I were to say that this congregation were all asleep in this church at the present time, I should be speaking hyperbolically, because (looking round) I don't believe much more than one half of you are sleeping." The effect was instantaneous. Those who were nodding recovered themselves, and nudged their sleeping neighbours, and the preacher went on as if nothing had happened. Sometimes it is difficult to fix the attention of a congregation even when they do not fall asleep. Preachers have occasionally hit upon odd means of doing this; witness the Nonconformist who commenced a funeral sermon on a good member of his congregation by shouting out three times "Victory! Victory! Victory!" Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy," took a bolder course upon one occasion. After giving out his text from Eccles. vii. 2—"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting"—he commenced his sermon with the flat contradiction—"That I deny." There is yet a bolder example of this method of fixing a wandering attention. "I have heard told," says our author, "of an illiterate but clever Methodist preacher, who was a collier of the district in Somerset where I held a curacy for seven years. He gave out for a text 'I can do all things.' He then paused, and, looking at the Bible keenly, said, in his own native

Somersetshire dialect:—"What's that thee says, Paul—"I can do all things"? I'll bet thee half a crown o' that.' So he took half a crown out of his pocket, and put it on the book. 'However,' he added, 'let's see what the Apostle has to say for himself.' So he read in the next words, 'through Christ that strengtheneth me.' 'Oh!' says he, 'if that's the terms of the bet, I'm off.' And he put the half-crown into his pocket again, and preached his sermon on the power of Christian grace." With these samples we must leave the Dean's book to tell its own story. Grave and gay are mixed delightfully together in his pages, and there is not in any one of them a trace of illiberality, much less bigotry, to prevent them from being equally agreeable to readers of all shades of religious belief.

#### ROBERT CHETWYND'S CONFESSION.\*

ALTHOUGH the law of England suffers sad indignities in "Crowners'" courts, at the sitting of country or civic justices, and at the hands of law-reforming committees of the House of Commons, it never appears to such disadvantage as when it has anything to do with the plot of a three-volume novel. Novelists who avail themselves of the jurisprudence of their country not only confine themselves within certain fixed limits, but adhere so faithfully to well-marked lines that the moment you find them touching upon the subject you are able to calculate to a nicety the exact order in which the legal events follow one another. A secret marriage is invariably associated with interminable searches for useless certificates, hopeless inquiries after missing witnesses, and all sorts of absurd conjectures as to the legitimacy or illegitimacy of courageous and high-minded young gentlemen, or beautiful and virtuous young ladies. Those phases of the law are frequently, though not invariably, associated with an accidental death and a trial for murder, in which some unhappy being is tried in his absence with a liberal disregard to the rules of evidence and the dictates of common sense. This kind of novelists' law is unsparingly used in the book before us. Charles Chetwynd, the hero, falls in love with a young lady from Scotland, whom he secretly marries. They agree to postpone the kneeling and forgiveness business until Charles has been gazetted to the ensigncy which he is expecting, and they return to their parents' houses. Then a misfortune happens to Charles, which may be said to be the basis, and a very unsatisfactory one it is, to the whole plot of the novel. Charles, instead of going to church one Sunday, starts for a stroll along the cliffs near his father's house. Whilst he is engaged in admiring the surrounding scenery with that passionate love of nature which is never wanting in the hero of a novel, he becomes the unwilling witness of a melancholy occurrence. He sees his brother Robert meet a smuggler, and whilst he is in the act of receiving a quantity of contraband goods from him an old woman joins the party and proceeds to heap upon both men all sorts of anathemas for having caused the ruin of her son, who was transported for smuggling some short time before. She threatens, out of revenge, to inform the authorities, and the next instant is hurled over the cliff by Robert Chetwynd, who, having thus removed the only witness against him, returns home with, we presume, an easy conscience. Charles, giving way to those feelings of chivalrous devotion which are so becoming to young persons in his position, rushes down the side of the cliff to help the old woman, and loses his telescope on the way. Now, as young men are not in the habit of murdering old women without cause, and as history does record cases of old women falling down and killing or injuring themselves, it would not have been indiscreet to lead the world to believe that the case was one not of murder, but of accident. The smuggler, however, for some reason or other, possibly with a view to the plot of a three-volume novel, seems to have acted upon a very different assumption. He carries Charles off to sea with him, and the sudden disappearance of the young man and finding of the telescope naturally point to him as the murderer. Charles writes home, but Robert, accidentally of course, lets the letter, which clears the writer without directing suspicion to his brother, fall into the fire and be burnt to ashes. The father of Edith, Charles's wife, now hears from his daughter of her marriage, falls into a rage, which, having regard to the marriage-law of Scotland and other circumstances, was somewhat out of keeping with the Scotch character. He threatens to turn Edith out of doors unless she promises to repudiate her husband and maintain a perpetual silence with respect to her marriage. The poor girl consents, the father and daughter go abroad,

\* Robert Chetwynd's Confession. A Novel. By Elizabeth A. Murray, Author of "Ella Norman," "John Allston's Vow," &c. Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.



and the child to which Edith gives birth at a little town in Normandy is, as soon as she is born, handed over to Lady Agnes Chetwynd, Charles's mother, who brings her up as her acknowledged granddaughter. Robert, troubled with that guilty conscience which we fear has a much more considerable influence upon the people we see in novels than those we meet with in actual life, goes abroad and spends his time in wandering from one gaming-table to another. Ultimately, however, he returns to England intent upon frustrating the design of his mother to make his brother's daughter Ethel her heiress. He treats Ethel as harshly as any wicked uncle could treat an interesting niece, but he finds himself threatened by some danger from a travelling photographer, who will never permit himself to be seen by Robert, but continues to send him disturbing photographs. This mysterious photographer the reader will of course recognise as Charles Chetwynd. A rumour had been circulated that he had been lost at sea, and on his return to this country he found that his wife, thinking him dead, had married a very worthy and wealthy man, and was the mother of several sons and daughters. All the characters are brought together at Woolerton Priory, under circumstances which enable the author to give some very pathetic descriptions. Edith Pryer comes with her husband as a visitor to Lady Agnes, and receives the most loving attentions from her own daughter, whom she does not dare to acknowledge, and poor Charles looks upon all almost heart-broken, sacrificing himself rather than disturb the happiness of Edith or affect the position of her children. A splendid career of villainy soon opens itself to Robert. His mother dies, leaving all her property to Ethel, whom she describes as her legitimate granddaughter. Robert, at the reading of the will, expresses his doubt of Ethel's legitimacy, and places the property in Chancery until she can produce the necessary certificates; and his view of the law, which, of course, was about as absurdly erroneous as any that ever found place in a novel, having been acquiesced in by everybody, the villain proceeds to lay hands on and make away with the documents. It is gratifying to find that so hardened a villain was susceptible to some influences. A sermon overcame him; not, as it sometimes does people of more amiable proclivities, by sending him to sleep, but in showing him the extent of his iniquity in so true a light that he writes out and signs a full confession, which, when he afterwards tumbles down a precipice in the Tyrol, is found sufficient to set everything to rights. There is scarcely a stage in the plot that does not suggest the great poverty of conception under which the author labours; and this is the more to be regretted, as the work contains more than one really charmingly pathetic description. The plot, however, is as sadly deficient in strength as in originality. It is absurd to make a hardened ruffian like Robert succumb to a sermon that is even without any direct bearing upon his own evil doings; and the marriage which is brought about at the end between Charles and Nellie Mildmay, his old friend and his daughter's governess, is quite inconsistent with the notion of his character which the author conveys.

#### HORSE AND FOOT.\*

THE coarse and vulgar abuse with which this book abounds is partly to be accounted for on the ground that a man who writes a satire is expected to be always satirical. Now it is given to few men—and it is certainly not given to Mr. Richard Crawley—to be always in that vein of jocular and pungent humour in which satire is possible; and the result, as is patent in the present volume, is that the writer, when he ceases to be satirical, considers it his duty to be abusive. He seems to think he is called upon to find fault with everything; and if he did so funnily we should not mind. But simply to throw mud right and left, without the least discrimination, is a pastime which only fatigues the performer and does not much amuse the spectators. Mr. Crawley, it must be said, occasionally writes so cleverly and pointedly, that one is amazed to find him indulging in blatant nonsense merely, as it seems to us, with the desire to preserve an impossible consistency. "Horse and Foot" aims at describing the poets of the present day—if that can be called description which is a jumble of smart remarks and illogical depreciation; and Mr. Crawley's modest motto is "I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat." His reasons for declining to join the procession are contained in a series of flippant criticisms, a few of which are just enough, most of them being in the highest degree absurd. Here he is,

for example, at his wits' end for something to say in condemnation of Mr. Tennyson:—

"But hush, admire! a Laureate strikes the strings,  
And praises Albert for begetting kings;  
Tells us how Enoch left his home and wife,  
And came, when least expected, back to life:  
How Edith, Maud, and fifty maidens more,  
Whom ladies proud to landed scoundrels bore,  
Died of their love, or else that love forgot,  
And straight espoused a sportsman or a sot;  
While their bard lived another jilt to woo,  
Composed a poem, and forgot them too.  
But that it's wrong for girls to disobey,  
And poets must be moral nowadays,  
I wonder why they did not run away."

And here is the laboriously funny way in which he gets rid of Mr. Browning:—

"Meanwhile—'tis most improbable and true—  
I know a man who read Sordello through.  
Since then, whatever can this wight befall,  
Or bad or good he thinks it comical,  
Even a wedding, or a funeral.  
His wife recovered from a three days' trance  
Like Dorcas; both his bankers broke at once;  
His mistress jilted him; his son forsook  
Law for the Muse; his daughter wrote a book:  
His country, succoured at an awkward pass,  
Bade Marochetti libel him in brass:  
Sure this would harlequins and clowns appal,  
But he, he laughs at this, he laughs at all."

Mr. Swinburne is first covered with terms of reproach, and then kindly patted on the back. Mr. Patmore is severely treated; so is Mr. Arnold; and Mr. Buchanan is called "low" because he has written such lines as the following, which Mr. Crawley quotes:—

"So I was glad when I began to see,  
That Joe the costermonger fancied me."

Mr. Crawley is evidently a man of some ability who has undertaken a task for which he is quite unfitted. His sympathies are of the narrowest kind; and his prejudices are too apparent even for satire. He has some faculty for the manipulation of rhyme, a certain cleverness, and a tolerable fund of conceit; but unfortunately these gifts are not the only ones necessary to the man who would write a readable book—especially a book in which the writer presumes to estimate living authors. Abuse is so very different from satire that, while every fool can be abusive, few writers can give us tolerable satire. Mr. Crawley is not a fool; but in attempting to write a satire he committed a blunder.

#### PLATO'S SOPHISTES.\*

THIS is a translation "with a purpose." Mr. Mackay is of opinion that the sophists whom Plato satirized are identical with the realists, or "materialists," of modern days; and he evidently considers that he will put a stop to this gigantic philosophical heresy by popularizing that castigation with which its professors were aforesaid visited. Plato's "Sophistes" is so well known that we need not here enter into the question of its aim or method, further than to remark that when a man has to supply the arguments of both sides, human frailty generally prompts him to give to his opponent's side such arguments as his own side finds it easy to answer. We have rather to deal with Mr. Mackay; and it is quite comforting to find how very plain-spoken our author is. There are some philosophical writers of our day who manifest the absurdest reluctance to utter unqualified statements. They linger over their opponents' objections, and try to present you with a faithful exposition of them, and then advance their own counter-hypotheses in the most hesitating and cautious manner. Not so Mr. Mackay. He has no painful lack of self-confidence. When he feels a thing he says it; and you are never left in doubt as to his opinion. His introduction to the "Sophistes" is about as long as the "Sophistes" itself; and it is far more amusing. The reader is never left in doubt as to the author's meaning; on the contrary, he cannot but admire the heroic and explicit method in which Mr. Mackay lays down his position, and defies the world to weaken it. Here is a specimen of his philosophic "manner":—"Instead, then, of denying the existence of any distinction between the Socratic school and the Sophists whom it attacked, or at least any save one appearing to the disadvantage of the former, we may recognise between them the all-important difference separating true

\* Horse and Foot; or, Pilgrims to Parnassus. By Richard Crawley. London: J. C. Hotten.

\* The Sophistes of Plato. Translated, with Explanatory Notes and an Introduction on Ancient and Modern Sophistry, by R. W. Mackay, M.A. London: Williams & Norgate.



education and philosophy from the narrowness of mere indoctrination or positivism, *that medley of speculative insipidity and presumption* of which the subjectivism and *superficial rationalism* of modern England, Germany, and France has afforded many instances." The words which we have italicized afford an example of Mr. Mackay's calm and judicious phraseology, which even becomes more prominent in the following remarkable passage:—"Materialists and Positivists talk metaphysics without knowing it, their metaphysics being only more *presumptuous* and *frivolously incorrect* from this very circumstance. They discourse freely of nature, matter, cause, law, force, space, and time, in *innocent unconsciousness* of the metaphysical nature of what they assume as the foundation of their reasonings; in other respects, too, sharing with *infantile philosophy* the mistake of confounding the perceptions of the senses with realities, and in *reckless impatience* abruptly closing the door which the more cautious inquirer would leave open. Little is the Positivist aware that while denouncing metaphysics he secretly cherishes a metaphysic[sic] of his own, but one of the *coarsest* and *most trivial* kind." We hope the ignorant and wretched creatures of whom Mr. Mackay speaks will take warning; and that Mr. Grote, whom he boldly accuses of error, Mr. Mill, whom he taxes with insinuation, and Mr. Lowe, whose flippancy he deplores, will all come to see the evil of their ways. Mr. Lowe, as a special crime, is charged with intimating that the education of a German waiter is superior to that of an Oxford first-class man, and that the advantage of knowing a modern language is "principally shown by the facilities afforded by it in ordering dinner at a café." On behalf of the injured classics, Mr. Mackay observes that the spirit of "ideal beauty, justice, and true humanity, ennoble ancient literature, and there is an absence of affectation, as well as of dogmatical prejudice, which is scarcely elsewhere to be found." The profound truth of the latter remark will be apparent to any one who remembers his schoolboy acquaintance with the admirable impartiality and simplicity of style of some of the Latin orators, essayists, and historians. But perhaps Mr. Mackay regards the classics as they would probably come out under his interpretation—of which we have a sample in the following ingenuous sentence:—"True morality is in the soul or in the unalterable principle, not in physiology or social economy, or other varieties of relations and practical applications; and this was the true meaning of Socrates in identifying morality and science, *meaning by the word not empirical science, but ideal truth or certainty.*" On the whole, we are not disposed to ask for any more of those translations which are prefaced and annotated "with a purpose."

#### THE MAGAZINES.

POLITICS do not generally occupy the first place in *Fraser*; but this month the Magazine sets off with an article on "The Irish Policy of the Disraeli Administration, and its Results," in which the conduct of the Premier in connection with Ireland, and especially with regard to the Church question, and his tenacity in clinging to office after an adverse vote in the Commons, are most severely denounced. "Trades Unionism in the City and May Fair" is the first of a set of articles in which it is sought to show that the higher orders of society adopt a policy of restrictions and arbitrary interference quite as much as the working classes, and that many of the rules for the alleged benefit of labour enforced by the Trades Unions are reasonable and just. "Patricius Walker, Esq.," continues his charming "Rambles," this time describing the banks of the Erne, with its beautiful scenery, and its associations with Irish song, legend, and history. The article on "Sentimental Religion" is a good criticism on the flabby, sickly, rose-scented raptures of pietism which a certain class of French writers (chiefly women writing for women) produce for the edification of a somewhat materialistic form of society. The writer very truly remarks that these works are distinguished by a morbid exaggeration of feeling, an unhealthy and really dangerous excess of self-examination, an utter absence of the reasoning and intellectual powers (as necessary to religion as the moral sense and the emotions), and, by an odd contrast, a great deal of worldliness, in the shape of a strong perception of fashion, blue blood, and the concomitants of good society. "Lands and Seas of Another World" is a most interesting paper by Mr. R. A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S., giving an account of recent observations in the planet Mars. We here read:—

"It appears from the searching scrutiny of the spectroscopic, that the planet has an atmosphere, and that that atmosphere most probably resembles our own in general constitution. Combining this evidence with that which we already possess of the presence of water in its liquid, vaporous, and solid states, upon the surface, and with the certainty that the red tint of parts of the planet is due to a real ruddiness of substance (corresponding to the tint of certain soils upon our own earth), we cannot but recognise the extreme probability that in

all essential habitudes the planet Mars resembles our own earth. One circumstance may at first excite surprise—the fact, namely, that in a planet so much farther from the sun than our earth there should exist so close a resemblance as respects climatic relations. But if we consider the results of Tyndall's researches on the Radiation of Heat, and remember that a very moderate increase in the quantity of certain vapours present in our atmosphere would suffice to render the climate of the earth intolerable through excess of heat (just as glass walls cause a hothouse to be as an oven long after the sun has set), we shall not fail to see that Mars may readily be compensated by a corresponding arrangement for his increased distance from the vivifying centre of the solar system."

The following article, describing "The French Army in 1734," will interest military men; and in "Metaphysics and Scientia, a Parable for the Present Day," we have an amusing and witty statement of the principal grounds of contention between the old-world ideas of religion and the modern principles of exact inquiry and "Positivism." "Oatnessiana" and "Vikram and the Vampire" are continued. The poetry of the number is not particularly good, though the French lines "found among the papers of Mary Queen of Scots at Chartley" are curious.

In *Macmillan*, Mr. Clements R. Markham, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, and Geographer to the Abyssinian Expedition, completes his papers on that remarkable military achievement. In the opinion of this writer, we should not have "abandoned Abyssinia to her fate," but should have helped to organize the country and civilize the people. This, we are told, would have been "a blessing to a large fraction of Africa," and "productive of permanent good. Zulla," adds the writer, "should—with the concurrence of France and the other great Powers—have been declared a free port with resident consuls, like Aden, and the sovereignty should have been intrusted to an Abyssinian Behar-negais [Lord of the Sea], under the ruler of Tigré; the limits of the port to include Senafé and the intervening line of road. The Egyptians might have received some money compensation for the loss of an imaginary right which they had never exercised; and the curse which their occupation of the coast has brought upon Abyssinia would have been removed." Miss A. J. Clough contributes some "Suggestions on Primary Education, and a Short Notice of the Method of Teaching Reading and Writing in Germany." Messrs. Balfour Stewart and Norman Lockyer continue their papers on "The Sun as a Type of the Material Universe." They discourse this month on "The Place of Life in a Universe of Energy;" but the ideas expressed are so abstruse that it would be vain to attempt an analysis in a few sentences. Mr. Joseph Bennett's comments on "The Autograph of Handel's 'Messiah,'" showing the alterations introduced by the great master as he proceeded with his work, are full of interest to the musical student. "The Quarrels of Friends" is a sensible and well-written essay, and the Rev. Mr. Gilmore's tale of the Ramsgate life-boat abounds with information on the heroic service which is constantly being performed on our coasts, and which, unlike other kinds of heroism, aims at saving and not at destroying life. The two serial novels are still "Realmah" and "The Chaplet of Pearls, or the White and Black Ribamont."

The great solar eclipse which is to occur on the 17th inst., and for which the Royal Society, the Astronomical Society, and the Russian, French, and Papal Governments have sent out investigating expeditions, has suggested to the *Cornhill* for this month an admirable essay upon this branch of astronomy. The writer gives an historical sketch of the solar eclipses that have been recorded, and has gathered the latest views upon that very interesting subject, the sun's spots. The succeeding article, "How to Form a Good Taste in Art," is the reprint of a most readable lecture delivered by Mr. F. J. Palgrave at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street. The article upon coast defence is in the nature of a supplementary essay to that which appeared in the magazine six months ago upon iron forts and shields, and it embraces a critical record of the various experiments that have taken place since then. "A Prussian Soldier's Notes on the Prussian Army" is one of those thoroughly well-informed articles upon military topics for which the *Cornhill Magazine* has earned quite a reputation. The author gives his experiences as an ensign; under the drill-sergeant and in the military school-room, and some of the sketches of those placed in authority over him are full of humour. "The Santals" is an article based mainly upon Mr. W. Hunter's book. It describes the rising of that singular people in 1855, when the march of almost the entire population, that they might lay the complaints of the grievances they suffered at the hands of the rapacious Hindu tradesmen before the Governor-General, was regarded as an insurrection, and the unfortunate barbarians were cut down in hundreds. This number of the magazine has the conclusion of Mr. Matthew Arnold's articles upon "Anarchy and Authority," continues the serial story, "The Bramleights of Bishop's Folly," and concludes that of "Avonhoe."

"The Electoral Out-look" is the title of a political article in *St. Pauls*, which seems to pride itself on its discussion of public affairs, and not without reason, since its papers of this nature are generally well considered and ably written. In the essay to which we



have alluded the writer ventures on the following predictions with reference to the coming general election:—"In the first place, the Liberals will have a very decided majority in the new Parliament; secondly, these Liberals will be pledged to support Mr. Gladstone in a very different manner from that in which they supported him last session; thirdly, the majority of the House will be united on behalf of a clear and definite programme, and will be compelled to adhere together so long as the question of the Irish Church remains undecided; and, lastly, the House will be composed of men whose politics, whether Ministerial or Opposition, will eventually be tinged with the practical Conservatism inherent in the possession of wealth and station. These conditions are not, we think, uniformly favourable to the Liberal cause. Still, they are vastly more favourable than any we have known of late years; and if Mr. Gladstone fulfils the expectation which those who know him best have formed of his genius, he will have a fair field for the exercise of his power of leadership." Another political article in the number is a retrospect of the career of Lord Palmerston, written in a very sympathetic and even admiring tone, yet not concealing the faults, shortcomings, and mistakes of the late head of the Liberal party. The article is a really good summary of the public life of a man who, whatever his errors, must always be regarded with interest as the best specimen of a class of statesmen now extinct, and the most able representative of a set of ideas rapidly passing away before the rise of modern principles. The article on "Cricket" is an earnest defence of that eminently English game; but the paper is too long, and the writer does not know where to stop. "A Struggle for Mastery" is a story which appears to be only commenced in the present number; and this is followed by a blank-verse poem entitled "Plato," the author of which seems to us to possess an essentially prosaic mind. The review of "The Spanish Gypsy" speaks very highly of this new production of "George Eliot;" and in addition to these articles we have further chapters of "The Sacristan's Household" and "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member." There is, as usual, only one illustration to the number—and that is pretty nearly as bad as it can be. What can Mr. Millais mean by presenting us with such a set of dummies—faces without character, figures without meaning, and incidents without action?

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in its "entirely new series," is becoming a very readable and pleasant publication. The August number contains some good articles. Besides the novel, "Not in Society," we find a well-chosen variety of miscellaneous papers. Professor Tom Taylor offers "Some Considerations on Contemporary Landscape Painting," in which he expresses his opinion that the present generation of landscape painters, though superior to the last generation in technical skill, are inferior in grandness of conception and largeness of execution. He thinks, however, some few are showing signs of a return to a better manner. Dr. Strange's article, "How, When, and Where to Bathe," is at once seasonable and sensible. It gives us the benefit of a large experience in these matters, and lays down the dictum that, to persons who wash themselves all over every morning with cold water, bathing is not a necessity, but only a luxury, though to persons out of health bathing may be an important curative agent. The paper on "Our Grammar Schools" points out the long-standing vices of system by which those institutions are almost deprived of their usefulness; and "Music in Vanity Fair" is a review of the musical performances of the last season. "The Science of Croquet" is an article with which in this hot weather we dare not grapple. It is as bad as a problem in Euclid, and we doubt the right of any gentleman to make such a frightful puzzle out of an elegant and cheerful game. "Pigs to Wit" is full of particulars of the latest methods of breeding, feeding, and housing "porkers;" and in "Theodore the King" we have a rather sentimental and rhapsodical flight by Mr. Edwin Arnold on the relics of the Abyssinian monarch now at the South Kensington Museum, and on the fate of their sometime possessor. Some lighter articles, poems, Notes, Correspondence, and Obituary, complete the number.

The *Contemporary Review* opens with an article on "The Last Supper of the Lord, as Related in the Three Earlier Evangelists and in St. John," by the Rev. Professor Milligan. The object of the paper is to reconcile the very serious contradiction, or apparent contradiction, between the account given by John and the narratives of his predecessors, with respect to the day of the last supper and of the death of Jesus. Many writers—not merely of a sceptical tendency, but in several cases where their orthodoxy could not be suspected—have confessed that all attempted explanations of the difficulty have failed, and that it is "impossible" to effect an agreement between the different relations. Mr. Milligan is of another opinion, and he here devotes several pages to elaborately proving that John is really not at issue with Matthew, Mark, and Luke. We cannot pretend, within the compass of a brief notice, to describe the course of his argument, which is extremely complex, and depends upon a great many abstruse considerations; but theological students will read the paper with interest and attention. Mr. E. W. Hollond's article on "The Poor Laws" takes the ground that there has been a good deal of exaggeration of late in the accounts of workhouse inhumanity, but that

nevertheless the administration of relief to paupers stands greatly in need of reform. The Rev. Mr. John Hunt contributes a very fair and careful paper on the writings of the Earl of Shaftesbury, with respect to whose opinions he says he will leave it to others to determine "whether he is to be considered a sceptic or a believer in Christianity." The next article is a review of the old Latin poem "Ætæna"—sometimes, but apparently with no sufficient foundation, attributed to Virgil—which has recently been edited by Mr. H. A. J. Munro, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Rev. Mr. D'Oyley furnishes a defence of the Scriptural account of the origin of man, based chiefly on Dr. McCausland's "Adam and the Adamite," published a few years ago. "The Evangelical Clergy of 1868" is a paper by one of the body in question—the Rev. Anthony W. Thorold—written with the design of repelling certain charges against Evangelical ministers which have recently been preferred. The writer, however, thinks that his brethren have made, and are still making, the mistake of preaching in a narrow spirit, "in the conventional language of theologians," instead of identifying themselves with the daily joys and sorrows of ordinary men. Mr. H. A. Page commences a series of articles on "The Old Morality and the New," which appears to aim at a refutation of some modern notions with respect to morality not very consistent with Christian doctrine; and we have then the usual short notices of books.

The *Dublin University* is, as usual, charmingly literary and antiquarian. "Itinerant Theatians" is a most amusing article, sparkling with anecdote of the strolling players of past times. Equally curious in another way is "Book-hunting in the Middle Ages." The article on "Ancient Ballads" is a review of "Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript," as published by the Early English Text Society. "Two Abdications—Diocletian and Charles V." is a good historical study; but perhaps the most interesting article in the number is that entitled "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," which, taken in conjunction with some previous papers on Celtic literature, contains a great deal of information on the poetry and legends of the early inhabitants of Britain.

The *Month* has an article on "Middle Class Education in Ireland," the object of which is to protest, in the interests, or supposed interests, of the Romish Church, against the principle of mixed education, and to insist on "the establishment in Ireland of those institutions of Catholic education to which the nation feels that it has a right, and the withholding of which it resents as an injustice." In the paper entitled "The Story of a Great Library" we have a review of Mr. Macray's "Annals of the Bodleian Library," to which we introduced our readers in our impression of June 27th. The article "On the Sun"—a translation of the first of two lectures given last year by Fr. Secchi to the pupils of the École Ste. Geneviève in Paris—is extremely interesting, and, being illustrated by several woodcuts exhibiting the more remarkable sun-spots, is calculated to instruct a great many who as yet know but little of the phenomena of the solar globe. "Men of the Thirty Years' War" introduces us to Ferdinand II. and the Elector Frederick; and amongst the other contents of the number we find a poem by Aubrey de Vere "On a Poet of the Last Generation." This is a rapture upon Coleridge, very obscure and pretentious in its phraseology, and not exhibiting the writer's ability in at all a favourable light.

We have the *St. James's Magazine* for July and August. In the former number there is a capital article upon trout-fishing, written by one who is evidently an experienced craftsman in the gentle art. It is, however, somewhat aggravating, in the midst of all this heat, to have the author fight his battles and land his two-pounders once again. Any one who reads the article, and can escape from the heat and dust of London, will scarcely be able to resist the temptation which recollections such as these are sure to create. It is just a question, however, whether this continued drought will leave any water to fish in. In the number for this month there is a sensible article called the "Secret of Economy," which is mainly directed to that well-worn topic, marriage upon small means. The writer gives wholesome advice and plenty of it, and lays considerable stress upon cash payments, good book-keeping, and personal superintendence by mistresses over their households. The next article is upon cabs, and takes a very fair and sensible view of a subject that is receiving no small amount of public attention just now. The writer suggests that the cab associations should draw up rules and regulations for the protection of the public themselves, as well as for a better inspection of the cabs. He thinks that if these associations were to act in concert they might render valuable aid in cab legislation; and he recommends that the police supervision, which every one admits to be unsatisfactory, should be superseded. The next article has for its subject the connection between Wine and Veracity, and in the one succeeding that we have an essay upon Merlin, which shows signs of no small amount of care and research on the part of the writer. In addition to the two serial stories—"A Life's Assize" and "Hirel"—there is a novel called "Bisset's Youth."

In *Tinsleys' Magazine* for this month we find a sporting article, which we have little doubt will receive that attention which the independent



spirit with which it is written deserves. The writer, after recalling attention to the Running Rein scandal of 1844, when an ingenious Jew managed to run a four-year old horse for the Derby as a three-year old, traces a comparison between that affair and the doings with respect to Lady Elizabeth and the Earl at the last Derby. A neat *résumé* of the facts as far as they have been published is given, carrying the history of the dispute down to Admiral Rous's letter, the threatened action, and Lord Hastings's support of his trainer. The writer very properly observes that "if the turf is to be maintained as an English institution, and if it is not to be allowed to sink lower than it has in public estimation; if every man with the slightest self-respect is not to shun a racecourse as he does a prize-ring; and if, like the latter, all that concerns racing is not to be left to the roughs of society—scandals like that which has lately been the talk of England must be explained, or if they cannot be explained, those who commit them ought to be warned off every racecourse in England." We are by no means clear, however, that the scratching of the Earl and the condition of Lady Elizabeth ever will be explained. In the Running Rein case the offender, who was merely a Jew, had to contend with the owner of the second horse, Colonel (now General) Peel, and that gentleman was determined that the matter should be sifted to the bottom, as it was, in a court of law. In this instance, however, there is only the public who backed the horses, and who are necessarily without any unanimity in the matter, and the chances of the pending action for libel bringing out the truth are remote in the extreme. "English Photographs" is a pleasant view of the holiday side of our life by an American, and "From Rome to Narni" is a light, gossiping description of a tourist's journey between these places. Mr. Swinburne is the subject of this month's criticism on contemporaries. The two stories with which the magazine begins and concludes continue to maintain their interest.

*Belgravia* for this month is unusually rich in fiction and in seasonable general articles. The four serial stories, "Bound to John Company," "Diana Gay," "Dead-Sea Fruit," and "Charlotte's Inheritance," although they occupy a considerable space, leave room for thirteen small papers. "Personalities of a Scotch Teur" and a "Summer Day Dream" are somewhat in the nature of companion articles. In the former we have a description of the people to be met with on board a steamer going north, and whose acquaintance the tourist is sure to renew on the beaten tracks of sightseers in Scotland. The "Summer Day Dream" is calculated to make any one who remains in town thoroughly dissatisfied with his condition, and sick of his life. It describes the happy existence of a man who has escaped to a cottage on the shores of Loch Lomond. Mr. Walter Thornbury's article upon "London Clubs" in this number is devoted to Brooks's, and is unusually entertaining. This author acknowledges his obligations to Captain Gronow, and reproduces some of the most entertaining of that author's reminiscences. In Mr. Bertram's article upon the "Whitebait Mystery" the various opinions upon this much-vexed subject are collected, but the author seems to agree with the last authority who has spoken, Dr. Gunther, and thinks with him that the whitebait are young herrings. The article called "Marriage versus Celibacy," or, in other words, marriage upon small means, is devoted to a subject that surely must by this time have been thoroughly sifted. The writer's views are eminently practical and sensible.

The *Broadway* for this month, in the article upon American *literati* at home, gives a pleasantly-written gossiping view of student life in America, and of the homes of the poet Longfellow and Mr. Lowell, the author of the "Biglow Papers." "How we Started the Unicorn" is a humorous description of the experiences of a number of gentlemen who determined to become the proprietors of a newspaper. "Brakespeare" reaches its forty-seventh chapter in this number, which concludes with some pretty verses, "The Last of Lilian," by Mr. Clement W. Scott.

The *Argosy* seems to have given itself up entirely to fiction, verse, and criticism. "Anne Hereford" continues to be interesting; the novelettes which accompany it are quite of average merit. In "Our Log-book," "The Spanish Gypsy" and "The Moonstone" are reviewed.

Among the pleasing collection of short stories and sketches which find a place in *London Society* not the least interesting is Mr. James Greenwood's article, entitled "Two Hours in Gaol." We have little doubt that his series of articles, of which this is the first, will give us much valuable information with respect to prison discipline.

*Putnam's Magazine* is an American periodical, which may, upon substantial grounds of merit, compete with the best of our English journals of a similar class. The articles and stories in the current number are superior to the general run of magazine contributions. The first paper, "Homburg Gambling-houses," treats of an old subject, but one of which people never tire. The great feature of the article is the number of gaming-table anecdotes which it embraces. Some of the other articles are less catholic in their character, but they are all ably written.

The *Mask* is full of inoffensive gaiety and pleasant illustrations this month, the pictures being, indeed, considerably above the average of

caricature sketches. The only fault we can find with this agreeable little publication is the rather limited and cockney range of its subjects. People who are curious about the personal features and even gestures of popular actors and actresses will find in *The Mask* a series of characteristic portraits, which are ingeniously faithful to the peculiarities of their originals.

The steel plates in the *Art Journal* are "God's Acre," from the water-colour drawing by Miss E. Osborn, and "The Controversy," from the picture by A. Elmore, R.A. The Paris Exhibition Catalogue is concluded in this number, and all who have seen its successive parts will congratulate the publishers on having produced a very beautiful illustrated work.

*Good Words* has, among other able papers, an interesting review by Mr. J. M. Ludlow of the reports by English working men on the Paris Exhibition, wherein the writer gives it as his opinion that many of those reports are too rose-coloured in their hue as regards France, and that the labour question is with us on a better footing than with our neighbours. We also find a curious and instructive article on "The Quakers in Norway."

The *Victoria Magazine*, besides the matter specially pertaining to its lady clients, contains some amusing sketches and stories.

The *Eclectic* contains articles on "Thomas de Quincey," "The Literature of Nautical Adventure," "Curious Myths, Mediæval and Indian," and "The Church and Religion."

*Aunt Judy's Magazine* continues to deserve the support of all good little boys and girls. The lost legend of the nursery songs, which it gives this month, has a very complete history of Hickory Dickory Dock, with a full explanation of the exploits on the clock, and the happy marriage which concluded the troubles of the bravest of the three mice. We are pleased to see that the Cot continues to be liberally supported by contributions of toys and sixpences.

In No. I. of *Good News* we have a new American Magazine, with something of a religious tone, yet with plenty of miscellaneous matter.

The monthly parts of *Once a Week*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and *Chambers's Journal* are full of excellent stuff; and the two former have some very good illustrations.

We have also received the *Student and Intellectual Observer*, the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, the *Gardener's Magazine*, the *Floral World*, *Hardwicke's Science-Gossip*, *Cassell's Popular Educator*, the *People's Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, *Golden Hours*, the *Quiver*, *Mission Life*, and the *Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle*.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

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 Benjamin (J. F.), *Treatise on Law of Sale*. Royal 8vo., 24s.  
 Butler (C.), *Pupil's Easy Guide to Geography*. New edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d. and 2s.  
 Churchman's *Shilling Magazine*. Vol. III. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Cox (E. W.), *Law and Practice of Registration and Election*. New edit. Part I. 12mo., 7s. 6d.  
 Crawford (F. J.), *Horæ Hebraicæ*. Post 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
 Dawson (J.), *Facts and Fancies from the Farm*. Lyrical Poems. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 English Reprints: Addison's Criticism on Milton. 12mo., 1s.  
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 Gotthelf (J.), *Wealth and Welfare*. New edit. Post 8vo., 6s.  
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 Jeans (H. W.), *Theory of Nautical Astronomy*. New edit. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Kerr (W. W.), *Treatise on Law of Frauds and Mistake*. 8vo., 16s.  
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 Northcote (W. H.), *Treatise on Lathes and Turning*. 8vo., 18s.  
 Notes and Queries. 4th series. Vol. I. 4to., 10s. 6d.  
 Index to 3rd series. 4to., 3s. 6d.  
 Noyes (G. H.), *An Idyll of the Weald, with other Lays and Legends*. 12mo., 9s.  
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Imogen, Miss Frances Bouverie; Messrs. H. Marston, Ryder, Nanton, Johnstone, Dalton, W. Roberts, Nelson, Weaver, Holland; Mrs. E. F. Saville, Miss Berend, &c. Preceded by, at 7, THE INTRIGUE.

**THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—At 7, A ROUGH DIAMOND.** Messrs. G. Belmore, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson; Mrs. Billing-ton, and Miss L. Grey. At 7.45, THE FLYING SCUD. Messrs. G. Belmore, Billington, Ashley; Miss C. Saunders. THE FAST COACH.

**QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.—At 7, HE'S A LUNATIC.** At 7.45, THE LANCASHIRE LASS. Messrs. S. Emery, H. Irving, Clayton, W. H. Stephens, C. Wyndham, W. H. Montgomery, L. Brough, and H. Mellon; Mesdames H. Hodson, N. Moore.

**ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—At 7.30, SISTERLY SERVICE:** Messrs. Belford, Harcourt; Miss Sheridan. THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD: Messrs. Thorne, James, Fenton; Mesdames Lydia Thompson, Newton, B. Goodall. MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE.

**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE and CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—**Scenes in the Arena. Onra, who eclipses Leotard; Mdles. Montero, and Pereira; Senor Albano, Senor Antonio, Mr. Alfred Bradbury; M. Samwell's highly-trained Dogs; Les Frères Fortoza, M. Maitrejean, M. Eugene, Voltaires, &c. Commence at 8.

**NEW NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHORE-DITCH.—At 7, INGOMAR.** The eminent tragedian, Mr. Creswick; Messrs. Vivian, Burt, Clifford, Swan, Clifton, Allbrook; Mesdames Page, Rayner, Rogers. After which, A DEAD CALM. Messrs. A. Rayner, Wright, Page, &c.

**BRITANNIA, THE GREAT THEATRE, HOXTON.—**At 6.45, THE GORILLA HUNT; or, The Forests of Gaboon. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, W. H. Pitt, G. Bigwood, C. Pitt; Miss J. Coveney, &c. The American Minstrels and Japanese Tommy; Miss A. Anderson, Serio-Comic Vocalist; Mons. Jean Price, the Aerial Gymnast. LADY ANNE'S WELL.

**CHRISTY MINSTRELS, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, every evening at 8; Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 and 8, all the year round.** Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, the Christy's always at home in their own elegantly-appointed hall—the coolest and best ventilated place in London. The entertainment is now universally admitted to be the most charming and sparkling ever submitted to the public, gratifying every taste. All the West-end omnibuses set visitors down at the doors, an advantage not possessed by any other place of amusement in London. Fauteuils, 5s.; stalls, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets and places can be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Keith and Prowse's, Cheapside; Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. Doors open for the day performances at 2.30; for the evening at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. FREDERICK BURGESS.

## INSURANCE COMPANIES, &amp;c.

**LIFE ASSURANCE.—**The accumulated and invested Funds of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY and its annua revenue now amount to—

Accumulated Fund	...	...	...	£3,900,000
Annual Revenue	...	...	...	£700,000

The profits of the Company have been divided on seven occasions since 1825, when the Company was established, and on each occasion large and important benefits have been given to the assured.

A prospectus, containing very full information as to the Company's principles and practice, will be forwarded on application.

Agencies in every town of importance throughout the kingdom.

Agencies in India and the Colonies, where premiums can be received and claims settled.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, Gen. Sec. for England, 82, King William-st., E.C.  
S. R. FERGUSON, Res. Sec., West-end office, 3, Pall Mall East.

EDINBURGH—3, George-street (H.O.) DUBLIN—66, Upper Sackville-street.

## HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE MUTUAL INSURANCE OFFICE,

1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The OLDEST Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The WHOLE of the PROFITS divided yearly amongst the Members.

Returns for 1868.

Fire Department.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

Life Department.—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above 5 years' standing.

Accumulated Capital (25th Dec., 1867), £1,191,968.

The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

## IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

INSTITUTED 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most Liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole World Licences, free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full particulars and tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 16, Pall Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

## IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,600,000. Losses paid £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances Granted on every description of Property, at home and abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

## SOVEREIGN LIFE OFFICE, 48, St. James's-street, S.W.;

110, Cannon-street, E.C.

ADVANCES on Real and Personal Security to Residents in and near London.

## WHY PAY RENT?

## THE ARTIZANS', LABOURERS', and GENERAL DWELLINGS COMPANY (Limited).

Capital £250,000, in 25,000 Shares of £10 each.  
Deposit, 10s. per Share on application, and 10s. on allotment.

PRESIDENT.—The DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

## ARBITRATORS.

The Right Hon. Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Lord Elcho, M.P.  
The Right Hon. Earl of Lichfield. Mr. William Thompson.  
Mr. David M'Gregor.  
Mr. James Fletcher.

BANKERS.—National Bank (Charing Cross).

SECRETARY.—Mr. William Swindlehurst.

CHIEF OFFICES.—147, Strand, London, W.C.

This Company is specially formed to assist the working classes to obtain improved dwellings from the best designs, at the lowest possible cost, upon the co-operative principle.

THE PURCHASE OF A HOUSE.—See Prospectus.

No Solicitor's or Surveyor's Fees are charged. A Fixed Rate of Interest of 5 per cent. is charged upon Purchase-money upon the Property erected by the Company.

No Beer-shop, Inn, or Tavern shall at any time be erected on any property of the Company.

Profits realized on first year's business, 7½ per cent. on Share Capital. Bonus 4½ per cent. upon labour.

Deposits received. Five per cent. guaranteed.

Further information may be obtained at the Office. Prospectuses sent by the Secretary on receipt of a letter enclosing a postage stamp.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED.

## DEBENTURES at 5, 5½, and 6 PER CENT.—CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED. Subscribed Capital, £750,000.

## DIRECTORS.

Lawford Acland, Esq., Chairman.

Major-General Henry Pelham Burn. Sir J. Emerson Tennent, Bart.  
Harry George Gordon, Esq. Stephen P. Kennard, Esq.  
George Ireland, Esq. P. F. Robertson, Esq., M.P.

Manager.—C. J. Braine, Esq.

The Directors are prepared to issue Debentures on the following terms, viz., for one year at 5 per cent., for 3 years at 5½ per cent., and for 5 years and upwards at 6 per cent. per annum.

Application for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, Palmerston-buildings, Old Broad-street, London. By order,

R. A. CAMERON, Secretary.

## COLONIAL INVESTMENTS.—The CEYLON COMPANY, Limited, are prepared to effect investments on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, with or without their Guarantee, as may be desired.

For further particulars, application to be made at the Office of the Company, Palmerston-buildings, Old Broad-street, London. By order,

R. A. CAMERON, Secretary.

In Bankruptcy.—Valuable Leasehold Estate, comprising an old-fashioned Family Residence, a small Flour Mill, and about Three Acres of Meadow Land, situate within a few paces of the Station on the Great Eastern Line at Lower Edmonton.

**MESSRS. BROMLEY, SON, AND KELDAY** have been favoured with instructions from the assignee of J. H. Symonds to SELL by AUCTION, on MONDAY, August 10, at the MART, Tokenhouse-yard, Bank, at twelve for one, the valuable LEASEHOLD ESTATE, comprising a family residence, small factory known as Phoenix Mills, and about three acres of valuable land, having a good frontage to two high roads, and well adapted for building purposes, situated at Lower Edmonton. The whole held on a long lease at the low rent of £50 per annum. May be viewed.—Particulars and conditions of sale had of Messrs. Hilleary & Tunstall, Solicitors, 5, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street; Messrs. Fearon, Clabon, & Fearon, Solicitors, 21, Great George-street, Westminster; place of sale; and of the Auctioneers, 114, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

Goudhurst, Kent.—Desirable Freehold Properties.—The Trustees under the will of the late S. W. Newington, Esq., have directed

**M. APPS to SELL by AUCTION, on FRIDAY, the 28th day of AUGUST, 1868, at two o'clock precisely, at the AUCTION MART, Tokenhouse-yard, London, the following valuable lots of FREEHOLD PROPERTY (unless disposed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given):**

Lot 1. All that desirable residence, known as Oakley House, in the occupation of R. S. Newington, Esq., situate near the town of Goudhurst, with 20a. 2r. 4p. of excellent meadow land. The house contains an entrance hall, with vestibule, dining-room 20 by 14, drawing-room, 20 by 14, breakfast-room 15 by 14, five bed-rooms, two attics, man's bed-room, bath and dressing-rooms, kitchen, and all necessary offices, with three-stall stable, loose box, double coach-house, large walled kitchen garden, a well of water, and large tank of soft water, with lift pump. From the house and grounds one of the most extensive and delightful views in the neighbourhood is obtained.

Lot 2. A piece of productive hop and arable land, situate near Ladhams (now in hand), containing 8a. 0r. 29p.

Lot 3. A very valuable piece of meadow land, containing 4a. 1r. 22p., called the Great Meadow, situate near Tattlebury, about one quarter of a mile from Goudhurst Church.

This lot is exceedingly well adapted for a site for a residence, the soil being high and dry, and commanding a most extensive view, with a frontage of 375ft. to the turnpike-road leading from Goudhurst to Cranbrook.

Particulars and conditions to be had of Messrs. Parker & Co., Solicitors, St. Paul's-churchyard, London; of G. Hueds, Esq., Solicitor, Goudhurst; and of the Auctioneer and Valuer, Goudhurst.

Panoramas of London and other valuable Properties.—Royal Colosseum, Regent's-park.

**MESSRS. J. & R. KEMP** have been favoured with instructions from the Proprietor, Captain Maillard, J.P., to SELL by AUCTION, at the end of August, unless previously disposed of by private contract, the far-famed PICTURE of LONDON, painted by Parriss, from original drawings made by Horner from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, covering a space of 24,000 square feet. The picture is in good condition, and was an immense attraction to the Colosseum for many years, was pronounced a marvellous work of art, and the perspective effects unsurpassed. The Picture of London by Night, and Paris by Moonlight, painted by Messrs. Danson. Also, the Cyclorama, with the costly machinery and apparatus, to represent the destruction of Lisbon. Also, Views of Naples and Vesuvius, with Tableaux of the Exhibitions of 1851. These valuable properties present an opportunity for the speculators rarely to be met with, as the exhibition of them in India, America, Australia, and the colonies would be attended with almost certain success and the realisation of a large fortune.—May be viewed by cards from Messrs. J. & R. Kemp, 27, Albany-street, Regent's-park, London (who are authorised to negotiate a private sale); or of Josiah Webber, Esq., Architect, 94, Gower-street, Bedford-square, W.C.



# LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, £2,500,000, IN 50,000 SHARES OF £50 EACH.  
PAID-UP CAPITAL, £959,996. RESERVE FUND, £459,996.

## Directors.

NATHANIEL ALEXANDER, Esq.  
JOHN EDMUND ANDERDON, Esq.  
THOS. TYRINGHAM BERNARD, Esq.  
PHILIP PATTON BLYTH, Esq.

JOHN WILLIAM BURMESTER, Esq.  
HUGH C. E. CHILDERS, Esq., M.P.  
JOHN FLEMING, Esq.  
FREDERICK FRANCIS, Esq.

EDWARD W. T. HAMILTON, Esq., M.P.  
FREDERICK HARRISON, Esq.  
WILLIAM CHAMPION JONES, Esq.  
WILLIAM NICOL, Esq.

General Manager.—WILLIAM M'KEWAN, Esq.

## Chief Inspector.

W. J. NORFOLK, Esq.

## Assistant General Manager.

WILLIAM HOWARD, Esq.

## Chief Accountant.

JAMES GRAY, Esq.

Inspectors of Branches.—H. J. LEMON, Esq., AND C. SHERRING, Esq.

Secretary.—F. CLAPPISON, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, 21, LOMBARD STREET.

At the Half-yearly General Meeting of the Proprietors, held on THURSDAY, the 6th August, 1868, at the CITY TERMINUS HOTEL, Cannon Street Station,

The following Report for the Half-year ending the 30th June, 1868, was read by the Secretary.

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS, Esq., M.P., IN THE CHAIR.

The Directors, in submitting to the Proprietors the Balance Sheet of the Bank for the Half-year ending the 30th of June last, have the pleasure to report that, after paying all Charges, and Interest to Customers, and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, the Net Profits amount to £72,165. 12s. 6d. This sum, added to £7,810. 16s. 2d., brought forward from the last Account, produces a total of £79,976. 8s. 8d.

They have declared the usual Dividend of 6 per Cent., with a Bonus of 2 per Cent. for the Half-year, free of Income Tax (equal to 16 per Cent. per Annum), which will absorb £75,884. 5s. 4d., and leave £4,092. 3s. 4d. to be carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account.

The Dividend and Bonus (together £1. 12s. per Share) will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on and after Monday, the 17th instant.

## BALANCE SHEET of the London and County Banking Company, 30th June, 1868.

Dr.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.	Cr.	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
To Capital .....	1,000,000	0	0				By Cash on hand at Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England .....	1,818,501	1	9			
Installments unpaid, not yet due .....	40,004	0	0	959,996	0	0	Cash placed at Call and at Notice, covered by Securities.....	1,378,087	17	10	3,196,588	19	7
Reserve Fund .....	500,000	0	0				Investments, viz.:—Government and Gua- ranteed Stocks .....	1,147,106	4	8			
Installments unpaid, not yet due.....	40,004	0	0	459,996	0	0	Other Stocks and Securities.....	60,538	10	8	1,207,644	15	4
Amount due by the Bank for Customers' Balances, &c. ....	12,004,477	5	5				Discounted Bills and advances to Customers in Town and Country.....	8,886,038	6	7			
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Guarantees and Securities .....	1,676,317	9	11	13,680,794	15	4	Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per contra).....	1,676,317	9	11	10,562,355	16	6
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account .....	7,810	16	2				Freehold Premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings .....				225,796	1	5
Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts .....	218,025	13	9	225,836	9	11	Interest paid to Customers .....				33,029	15	8
							Salaries and all other Expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries.....				101,207	16	9
				£15,326,623	5	3				£15,326,623	5	3	

## Profit and Loss Account.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers, as above .....	33,029	15	8	By Balance brought forward from last Account .....	7,810	16	2
Expenses.....do.....	101,207	16	9	Gross Profit for the Half-year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts .....	218,025	13	9
Rebate on Bills not due, carried to New Account .....	11,622	8	10				
Dividend of 6 per Cent. for the Half-Year .....	56,913	4	0				
Bonus of 2 per Cent. ....	18,971	1	4				
Balance carried forward .....	4,092	3	4				
	£225,836	9	11		£225,836	9	11

We, the undersigned, have examined and approved the above Balance Sheet,

LONDON AND COUNTY BANK,  
30th July, 1868.

(Signed)

WILLIAM NORMAN,  
R. H. SWAINE,  
WHITBREAD TOMSON, } Auditors.

The foregoing Report having been read by the Secretary, the following Resolutions were proposed, and unanimously adopted—

1. That the Report be received and adopted, and printed for the use of the Shareholders.
2. That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Board of Directors for the able manner in which they have conducted the affairs of the Company.

(Signed)

HUGH C. E. CHILDERS, Chairman.

The Chairman having quitted the Chair, it was resolved, and carried unanimously—

3. That the cordial thanks of this Meeting be presented to HUGH C. E. CHILDERS Esq., M.P., for his able and courteous conduct in the Chair.

(Signed)

W. CHAMPION JONES, Deputy-Chairman.

Extracted from the Minutes.

(Signed)

F. CLAPPISON, Secretary.

## LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That a Dividend on the Capital of the Company, at the rate of Six per Cent., for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1868, with a Bonus of Two per Cent., will be paid to the Proprietors either at the Head Office, 21, Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branch Banks, on and after Monday, the 17th instant.

By Order of the Board,

W. M'KEWAN, General Manager.

21, LOMBARD STREET, August 7th, 1868.



## ROYAL SCOTCH WAREHOUSE, LONDON.

## SCOTT ADIE'S NEW SUMMER LINSEY WOOLSEYS

For LADIES' WALKING DRESSES and PETTICOATS are now on view in the greatest choice for the Season; also those woven in his handlooms, for which he is so celebrated, suited for travelling, sea voyages, and cold climates.

Scotch Serges, Shetland Shawls, Veils, and Hosiery, Rugs, and Plaids, Ladies' Tartan Cachmere Dresses, and Shawls in all the Clans.

BOYS' HIGHLAND SUITS IN ALL THE TARTANS MADE TO ORDER.

SCOTT ADIE, 115, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

ENTRANCE AT THE CORNER OF VIGO STREET ONLY.

**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—**  
MONTHLY and WEEKLY RETURN TICKETS are issued at Reduced Fares to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Aldborough, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

Special Excursion Train to Harwich, Dovercourt, and Walton-on-the-Naze, every Sunday, at 9.0 a.m.; and every Monday at 8.30 a.m. Fares 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 3s.

Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m.; and every Monday at 9.30 and 10.30 a.m. Fares 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest—Woodford, Buckhurst-hill, or Loughton—every Sunday and Monday. Fares, 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s.

For further particulars see Handbills and Time-books.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

**TO ENGINEERS AND OTHERS.—**Surveys, Levels, and Plans of Railway and other works, for Parliamentary or permanent purposes, undertaken by Messrs. HOOPER & CORPE, Surveyors, 172, Fleet-street, E.C.

**METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—NOTICE.—**  
WILLING & CO., Contractors for the Bookstalls, Advertisements on the Railway Stations, in the First, Second, and Third Class Carriages, and on the back of the Passengers' Tickets (100,000 per day).

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—JOSEPH GILLOTT,**  
METALLIC PEN MAKER to the QUEEN, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making steel pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions which, for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

**FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at DEANE'S**  
IRONMONGERY AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSES.

Established A.D. 1700.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.  
DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture.  
DEANE'S—Electro-plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur Stands, Cruets, &c.  
DEANE'S—Dish Covers and Hot-water Dishes. Covers, in sets, from 18s.  
DEANE'S—Papier Maché Tea Trays, in sets, from 21s., newest patterns.  
DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with patent improvements.  
DEANE'S—Copper and Brass goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans.  
DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock-Oil Lamps, a large and handsome stock.  
DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted complete.  
DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-irons, in all modern and approved patterns.  
DEANE'S—Bedsteads in Iron and Brass. Bedding of Superior quality.  
DEANE'S—Register Stoves, London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &c.  
DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice-poles, a great variety of patterns.  
DEANE'S—Tin and Japan Goods, Iron Ware, and Culinary Utensils.  
DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., strong and serviceable.  
DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, &c.  
DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly designed patterns.

New Illustrated Catalogue, with Priced Furnishing List, gratis and post-free.

DEANE & CO., 46, King William-street, LONDON BRIDGE.

**THE ALBERTA NEW FAMILY LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.**

The Best and Cheapest Machine in the Market. Price, from Six Guineas.

**THE EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.**

These celebrated Machines are unrivalled. Price, £8. 6s.

**THE PRINCESS NEW HAND LOCK-STITCH MACHINE.**

These Machines are on the most approved principles. Price Four Guineas.

No Lady should purchase without seeing the above. Lists free.

**WHIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn Bars, London.**

**SEWING MACHINES.**

**W. F. THOMAS & CO.**

These Machines were the first made and patented in England, and ever since 1846 have maintained their pre-eminence. They are adapted for MANUFACTURING and for DOMESTIC purposes, and range in prices from £5. 5s. upwards.

FOR FAMILY USE THEY ARE UNRIVALLED.

ALL LOCK STITCH. WORK ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES.

Catalogues and Samples of Work sent free by Post.

**1, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., & REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.**

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.**

This delicious condiment, pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE," is prepared solely by LEA & PERRINS. The Public are respectfully cautioned against worthless imitations, and should see that LEA & PERRINS' names are on Wrapper, Label, Bottle, and Stopper.

ASK FOR LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

\* \* \* Sold Wholesale and for Export, by the Proprietors, Worcester; Messrs. CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Messrs. BARCLAY & SONS, London, &c. &c., and by Grocers and Oilmen universally.

## PURE LIGHT WINES

FOR THE

SUMMER SEASON.

## HEDGES &amp; BUTLER

Solicit attention to their

St. Julien Claret .....	18s., 20s., 24s., and 30s. per doz.
White Bordeaux .....	24s., 30s., and 36s. "
Burgundy .....	24s., 30s., and 42s. "
Chablis .....	24s., 30s., 36s., and 48s. "
Hock and Moselle .....	24s., 30s., 36s., and 48s. "
Champagne .....	36s., 48s., 60s., and 66s. "
Sherry .....	24s., 30s., 36s., and 42s. "
Port from first-class Shippers .....	24s., 30s., 36s., and 42s. "

Hochheimer, Marcobrunner, Rudesheimer, Steinberg, Liebfraumilch, 60s.; Johannisberger and Steinberger, 72s., 84s., to 120s.; Braunberger, Grunhausen, and Scharzberg, 48s. to 84s.; sparkling Moselle, 48s., 60s., 66s., 78s.; very choice Champagne, 66s., 78s.; fine old Sack, Malmsey, Frontignac, Vermuth, Constantia, Lachryme Christi, Imperial Tokay, and other rare Wines.

Fine old Pale Cognac Brandy, 48s., 60s., and 72s. per dozen.

Foreign Liqueurs of every description.

On receipt of a post-office order, or reference, any quantity will be forwarded immediately by

**HEDGES & BUTLER,**

LONDON: 155, REGENT STREET, W.

Brighton: 30, King's-road.

(Originally Established A.D. 1667.)

## GREEK WINES! GREEK WINES!!

F. DIXON TAYLOR,

72, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Sample Cases of Twelve different Wines (full-sized bottles) sent in return for Post Office Order for £1. 11s.

"We have made the acquaintance of a number of excellent Greek Wines imported by the Greek Archipelago Company, before unknown to the public, which we believe will command their attention. It will require time, without doubt; but we believe in that much-scouted theory—a taste for natural wine; and these Greek Wines are pure from the vineyard."—*Times*, September 7, 1865.

DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.

**KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.**—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in Bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the Agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

## BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

for

Children's diet.

## BROWN AND POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

to thicken

Sauces.

CAUTION.

To obtain extra profit by the sale, other qualities are sometimes audaciously substituted instead of

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